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JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R. A.

JAMES NORTHCOTE descends from a family of high antiquity, and most respectable character, in the county of Devon. They trace their annals as far back as the Conquest, and their name and credit, if not with affluence, have been transmitted with unimpaired estimation to the present possessor. Mr. Northcote, we understand, was born at Plymouth, about the year 1746. His father, from the gradual decline of hereditary fortune, was a respectable tradesman in that town. Young Northcote, at a very early period of life, had displayed a strong propensity for the art of painting; but, as his grandfather had practised that art with indifferent success, his father discouraged all the attempts of our dawning genius, considering the height necessary for excellence, and consequent advantage, as too difficult for attainment in the situation of his family. The ardour of early enthusiasm was not, however, to be chilled by the coldness of parental caution. Mr. Northcote took all possible opportunities of improving his natural talents, and was of so studious a disposition, that it is confidently said he never wandered farther than twenty miles from the place of his birth, till he reached his twenty-fifth year.

Eager to see the metropolis, not to gratify a juvenile desire of partaking its amusements, but with an anxious curiosity to behold the treasures of art, which it was supposed to contain, and to signalize his talents on the great theatre of life, he obtained a recommendatory letter from

the celebrated Dr. Mudge, of Plymouth, to Sir Joshua Reynolds. A letter from a man of such abilities, learning, and moral worth, as Dr. Mudge, implied no inconsiderable share of merit in the bearer; and the great artist to whom it was addressed soon found such promising talents in the young candidate for fame, as induced him to encourage him with praise and protection. Sir Joshua at length invited Mr. Northcote into his house, where he continued for about five years, deriving all possible advantage from the instructions and example of his great master, while he enlarged his conceptions, and improved his general powers, by a familiar intercourse with all the celebrated characters who resorted to that classic receptacle of literature and genius.

Mr. Northcote, however, possessed a mind that was not to be satisfied with one scene of action, however diversified, and however instructive. He glowed with impatient solicitude to behold all the achievements of genius, and all the monuments of antiquity, that were to be found in Italy; therefore, about the year 1777, he departed for the Continent, and took his way through Paris to Italy, encountering many obstacles, arising from an ignorance of the languages of the countries through which he passed. His pencil, however, spoke for him, wherever he went, with so much eloquence, that he obtained applause, distinction, and regard.

At Rome he continued three years, and improved himself by copying several of the most celebrated works in that august repository of the arts, but more by a diligent examination of the merits of the compositions to which the respective artists were indebted for the honours they attained.

Mr. Northcote, during his residence in Italy, was soon admitted a member of the Ancient Etruscan Academy at Cartona, as well as of the Imperial Academy at Florence. The same distinction he obtained in the academy Dei Forti, at Rome. He was requested to paint a portrait of himself, to be placed in the gallery at Florence, among the brightest ornaments of the charming art he professed. This portrait, we have heard, is distinguished for spirit, vigour, and classic taste.

In the year 1780, fraught with all the solid information, judgmnet, energy, and refinement, which could be gathered in various parts of Italy, he turned his thoughts towards his native country, ambitious of acquiring dis-

tinction among those to whom he was endeared by all the laudable pride of patriotism. Still, however, desirous of availing himself of every possible means for acquiring varied excellence in his art, he passed through Flanders in his way to England, that he might see the Flemish School in its full perfection.

We should have observed, that though devoted to painting during his travels on the Continent, he soon mastered the difficulties in the languages of the countries where he resided, and became familiar with all who were admired for talents and learning. In this respect he was, doubtless, not a little assisted by his friend Prince Hoare, an elegant and enlightened scholar, who was in Italy at the same time, and who was the associate of his amusements, and the companion of his studies.

Upon his return to London, Mr. Northcote found that, in the provinces of history and portrait, the ground was pre-occupied. He, therefore, visited his native county, where the reputation which he had acquired during his absence, and more particularly during his residence in Italy, gave such celebrity to his name, that he found continual employment for his pencil in portrait painting. Having derived considerable profit from his practice in Devonshire, he thought he possessed enough to enable him to commence his career in the metropolis, to which he returned. The town was still overstocked with portrait painters, and therefore he employed himself chiefly on subjects of history and imagination. The work that first drew the attention of the public at large, and obtained the warm approbation of the best critics, was founded on the providential escape of Captain Inglefield, from the wreck of the Centaur. This work is now in the possession of the Earl of Gainsborough. It exhibited so much excellence, that, after having produced a few others of similar merit, he was soon judged worthy of being ranked among the best artists of the English School, and was therefore admitted as a mem- of the Royal Academy in the year 1786. The annual exhibition of every subsequent year attested the propriety of this appointment, and the Shakspeare Gallery, as well as other public repositories of art, bear the most honourable testimony to his talents and genius.

At length Mr. Northcote obtained his proper rank as a painter of portrait and history ; and as a gentlemanly competency was in due time the recompence of his in-

dustry and talents, he is now able to indulge his natural disposition on such subjects as sentiment and imagination may happen to suggest. Like his great predecessor, Rubens, Mr. Northcote has often amused himself in painting lions, tigers, and other savage productions of nature, which he always represents with spirit, truth, and character.

It would require a more considerable portion of our miscellany than we can allot to one article, to specify the excellence of all the pictures which have raised the reputation of this artist to its present merited height. Nor is, indeed, such an exertion necessary, as admirable engravings, from his principal works, are in the hands of every judicious collector, as well as every pretender to critical taste.

It seems to be the general aim of Mr. Northcote, as a painter, to give to his pictures expression, and a dignified simplicity. He knows that the mind must be affected through the medium of the eye; and, therefore, though he endeavours to address the imagination and the judgment, he is careful to secure the favour of the external organ, without, however, weakening the general effect, by too ostentatious a labour of mechanical dexterity. His colouring is clear, vivid, and natural; his design correct; his outline bold; and his works have uniformly the merit of inspiring sentiment, and imparting to the mind an adequate conception of the subject.

Such is Mr. Northcote as a painter, and the testimony of a numerous train of friends places his domestic character upon a level with his professional genius. It would be improper to omit a circumstance, which indeed shews that his heart, in point of sensibility, corresponds with the powers of his mind. A few years ago, as he was walking in Hyde Park, he saw a man in the Serpentine River, who had ventured too far, and who either could not swim, or had exhausted himself in the efforts of self-preservation. Mr. Northcote disencumbered himself of his clothes with the utmost rapidity, rushed immediately into the river, and had the happiness of preserving the poor man, though with such labour and difficulty as had nearly brought his own life into equal peril.

Such an incident should not pass without a due memorial, as it may spread the influence of philanthropic example, and as it proves that Mr. Northcote, as well as the character of a great artist, deserves the more honourable appellation of a GOOD MAN.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR SAVIOUR

BY MR. BELSHAM.

The character of Jesus is perfectly original. It is unlike every thing which had ever appeared in the world. There had indeed been eminent persons who had assumed the office of instructors of mankind in religion and virtue. But Jesus differed widely from them all in the nature of his doctrine, in his mode of instruction, in his habits of life and manner of conversation, in the character which he assumed, in the dignity of his conduct, in the authority of his language, in the proofs which he exhibited of a divine commission, and in the manner in which he left those proofs to make their proper impression upon the mind, without himself drawing the genuine conclusions.

He claimed to be the Messiah, the distinguished personage foretold by the prophets, and expected by the Jews. But the form which he assumed was totally different from that in which he was expected to appear; from that which an impostor would have worn, which all impostors did actually put on, and which the writer of a fictitious narrative would naturally have represented. He was expected to appear in all the splendour of a prince and a conqueror. He actually appeared under the form of a pauper and a servant.

The character which he thus assumed, so entirely new, so utterly unexpected, and in many respects so very offensive to his countrymen, he sustained with the most consummate propriety. The circumstances in which he was placed were numerous, various, and dissimilar to each other: some of them were very critical and difficult; nevertheless, upon all occasions he maintains the character of a prophet of God, of a teacher of truth and righteousness, with the most perfect consistency and dignity: in no instance does he forget his situation: upon no occasion, in no emergency, however sudden or unexpected, under no provocation, however irritating, is he surprised or betrayed to say or to do any thing unworthy of himself, or unbecoming the sublime and sacred mission with which he was charged.

To support the consistency of a fictitious character through considerable work, even though the character is

drawn from common life, is a mark of no ordinary capacity and judgment. But to adhere from beginning to end to truth of delineation in a character perfectly original, in circumstances various and new, and especially where supernatural agency is introduced, is characteristic of genius of the highest order. Attempts to represent a perfect character have failed in the hands of the greatest masters. Defects are visible in the portraits of the philosopher and of the hero, notwithstanding the masterly pencilling and the exquisite colouring of Plato and Xenophon. But the obscure and illiterate evangelists have succeeded to perfection. Not one writer only, but four. Not in describing different characters, in which they would not have been liable to have interfered with each other, but in the representation of the same unblemished and extraordinary character; to which each has contributed something which the rest have omitted, and yet all are perfectly consistent and harmonious—the unity of character is invariably preserved.

Admit that this character actually existed, allow that there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth, and that the historians describe nothing but what they saw and heard, and to which they were daily witnesses, and the wonder ceases; all is natural and easy; the narrators were honest and competent witnesses; and Jesus was a true prophet of the Most High.

Deny these facts, and the history of the evangelists instantly swells into a prodigy of genius—a sublime fiction of the imagination, which surpasses all the most celebrated productions of human wit. The illiterate Galileans eclipse all the renowned historians, philosophers, and poets of Greece and Rome. But who will affirm, or who could believe this, of these simple, artless, unaffected writers? It is incredible, it is impossible, that these plain and unlettered men should have invented so extraordinary, so highly-finished, a romance. Their narrative therefore must be true. The prophet of Nazareth is a real person, and his divine legation is undeniable. I know not how this argument may appear to others; but to me it carries the force, almost, of mathematical demonstration. I cannot conceive of a proof which can be more satisfactory to a candid, an intelligent, and a well-informed mind.

THE EXPENCES OF A WIFE

TO BE REGULATED BY THE INCOME OF HER HUSBAND.

This subject, so intimately connected with the interest of a thousand families, and so important to domestic peace, has been ably discussed by Judge Hale, and the salutary doctrines of that venerable and worthy man are confirmed by the respectable opinion of Lord Kenyon, to whose memory, as an able lawyer and a good chief justice, notwithstanding his heat of temper and inveterate party propensities, I would wish to pay a tribute of applause.

Indeed some declaratory recital of the law, on this subject, was become highly necessary to check the seducing and too often irresistible attacks of the silk-mercer on our pockets, through the medium of our affections.

Tradesmen of this class considering husbands *only as creatures who are to pay for every thing;* as passive animals, liable to every debt incurred by their wives without regard to fortune, propriety, or situation, think it fairly consistent with the spirit of traffic to tempt their fair but thoughtless customers to purchase every thing they like, and *at any price.*

But it has been clearly proved that such conduct is not only morally culpable, but contrary to the law of England, and the dictates of common sense; and it is soothing to a mind repining, perhaps irrationally repining, at the imperfection of human institutions, that, in the present instance, our courts of justice sympathise with the general feelings of mankind.

The wife of a respectable Leicestershire divine, whose name, for the sake of her family I suppress, was enticed by vanity, or the impression of bad example, to join the train and beat the rounds of dissipation, in its most fashionable abode.

A morning visit was made to one of those splendid exhibitions of female decoration, where the luxurious and the wealthy robe themselves in the trappings of superfluity, which are the proper ornaments of rank and affluence, but by which moderate fortunes are soon dissipated.

Bewitched by the equipages and dazzled by the coronets of some of her fair associates, the wife of a country clergyman, of moderate income, in a few weeks incurred a debt, amounting to more than one third of the

annual amount of the living which was to support her husband and family in the country.

The tradesman, whom I acquit of ill design, applied for payment, which was refused, and the matter, after the customary legal processes, was solemnly argued in the Court of King's Bench; the lady's friends having previously paid forty pounds into court, which was considered as more than a reasonable and adequate expenditure for a person of her condition, during so short a time.

The richness of satin, the breadth and the delicacy of lace, and the obsequious patient dexterity of a man-milliner, had no influence on the Judges, whose opinion was given in the following words, by the Chief Justice:

"This is a cause of great importance to the public, and, from the general influence its decision may produce, deserves particular consideration with the jury.

"If the plaintiff, in the present action, is permitted to recover the whole of his demand, I will venture to say, there is no man who may not be called on to answer for contracts which would ruin him.

"It is the law of England that the husband shall support his wife in a decent, becoming, proper, and, if you please, in a liberal manner; but, from certain mistakes and abuses of this law, it has become absolutely necessary that the question should be clearly understood, as it is impossible to suppose that it was designed as a license for extravagance, or to promote domestic profusion.

"This doctrine, I hope, will have some influence on tradesmen in general, who, in their eagerness for business, are too apt to invite an unlimited and indiscriminate credit, without regard to the circumstances or situation of their customers; and are often ruined, or put to great inconvenience, by the tardiness or non-payment of bills, which, with a considerate man, would never have been incurred.

"I am sorry that a respectable trader should be a loser; but when he carries his goods to market, he should carry prudence with them: if you are of the same opinion, gentlemen, you will give a verdict for the defendant; but if I have mistaken the morality or convenience of the case, you will find for the plaintiff, and give the difference between the bill and the money paid into court."

The jury agreed with the judges in favour of the clergyman.

SINGULARITY OF MANNERS.

BY THE LATE REVEREND MR. GRAVES.

THERE are few people of such mortified pretensions, as patiently to acquiesce under the total neglect of mankind: nay, so ambitious are most men of distinction, that they choose to be taken notice of, even for their absurdities, rather than to be entirely overlooked and lost in obscurity; and, if they despair of exciting the attention of the world, by any brilliant or useful accomplishment, they will endeavour to gain it by some ridiculous peculiarity in their dress, their equipage, or accoutrements.

Many persons may remember a little foreigner, (Des Caseaux, I think, was his name,) who appeared daily in the Mall, dressed in black, with a hat of an enormous diameter, and a long roll of paper in his hand. His picturesque appearance tempted some artists to make an etching of him, which was exhibited in every shop. I mention this gentleman, because his professed intention was, he said, "to attract the notice of the king, as he had done that of his subjects."

But we see daily instances of the same kind. One man sports a paradoxical walking-stick; another rises to fame by the shortness of his coat, or the length of his trowsers, or the multiplicity of capes on his shoulders, and the like efforts of genius and invention. I remember a young divine some years ago, not otherwise eminent either for learning or ingenuity, who wore his own short hair, when every one else wore long wigs, "in imitation," as he said, "of Gregory Nazianzen."

It would be cruel to deprive these gentlemen of their slender gratification in these harmless particulars; but when we assume any thing peculiar in our appearance, in order to disguise our real character; when we affect an uncommon sanctity and solemnity of countenance to impose upon the world; we then become more than ridiculous, and are highly immoral.

A Tartuffe indeed, or a pretender to extraordinary devotion, is not a prevailing character in this age; too many are in the contrary extreme; and, like Colonel

Chartres, are guilty of every human vice—except hypocrisy. Even our young divines, though doubtless much given to fasting and prayer in private, yet "appear not to men to fast;" but anoint their hair, and exhibit their rosy faces; and, by their dress, are not to be distinguished from profane sportsmen or country 'squires. I do not exempt the orators of the tabernacle from this description; who, instead of the primitive locks of John Wesley, seem now to make female converts by their well-dressed hair and dapper appearance.

Yet, in every profession, there are still pretenders; who, by grimace or affected solemnity, endeavour to gain the confidence of the vulgar; and to exalt themselves above their equals in skill, and assume more importance than is their due.

However, if we must distinguish ourselves from the rest of mankind, let it be by our intrinsic virtue, our temperance, and sobriety, and a conscientious regard to every relative duty; but, as we ought "to think with the wise, and talk with the vulgar," let us also act differently from a great part of the world in matters of importance, but conform to them in trifles. This is what Seneca so forcibly inculcates in his fifth Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

"I both approve of your conduct, and sincerely rejoice that you resolutely exert yourself; and, laying aside every other pursuit, make it your whole study to improve yourself in wisdom and virtue. And I not only exhort but earnestly entreat you to persevere in this course.

"Give me leave, however, to caution you not to imitate those pretended philosophers, who are more solicitous to attract the notice of the world than make a progress in wisdom; nor to affect any thing singular in your dress, or in your manner of life. Avoid that preposterous ambition of gaining applause by your uncouth appearance, your hair uncombed, and your beard neglected; nor be always declaiming against the use of plate, of soft beds, or any thing of that kind. The very name of a philosopher is sufficiently invidious, though managed with the greatest modesty and discretion.

"Suppose we have entered upon our Stoical plan, and begun to sequester ourselves from the conversation and customs of the vulgar; let every thing *within* be dissimilar; but let our *outward* appearance be conformable to the rest of the world. Let not our apparel be splendid or shewy, nor yet mean or sordid. Let not

our plate be embossed with gold; but let us not imagine that the mere want of such expensive plate is a sufficient proof of our frugality. Let us endeavour to live a better life, not merely a life contrary to that of the vulgar; otherwise, instead of conciliating the favour of those whom we wish to reform, we shall excite their aversion, and drive them from our company; we shall also deter them from imitating us in any thing, when they are afraid that they are to imitate us in every thing.

"The first advantages which philosophy promises are, a just sense of the common rights of mankind, humanity, and a sociable disposition; from which advantages singularity and dissimilar manners will entirely seclude us. Let us beware lest those peculiarities, by which we hope to excite the admiration, should expose us to the ridicule and aversion of mankind.

"Our object is to live according to nature; but to torture our bodies, to abhor cleanliness in our persons, when attended with no trouble, or to affect a cynical filthiness in our food; this sure is living contrary to nature. As it is a mark of luxury to hunt after delicacies, to reject the common unexpensive comforts of life is a degree of madness. Our Stoic philosophy requires us to be frugal, not to mortify ourselves; but there is such a thing as an elegant frugality. This moderation is what I would recommend."

AN AFRICAN'S OPINION OF DUELLING.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

In the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. two African youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the court of France, the King was so struck with the native dignity of their manners, that he appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the principles of Christianity; when properly qualified, his Majesty gave to each a commission in the guards. The eldest, who was remarkable for his docility and candour, made a considerable progress in learning, as well as in the doctrine of the Christian religion, which he admired for the purity of its moral precepts, and the good will that it recommended to all mankind. A brutal officer, upon some trifling dispute, struck him. The youth saw that it was

the result of passion, and did not resent it. A brother officer, who witnessed the insult, took an opportunity of talking to him on his behaviour, which he did not hesitate to tell him, as a friend, was too tame, especially for a soldier. "Is there," said the young negro, "one religion for soldiers, and another for gownsmen and merchants? The good father, to whom I am indebted for my instructions, has, above all things, earnestly recommended the forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries, assuring me that it was the very characteristic of a Christian to love even his enemy, and by no means to retaliate an offence of any kind."

"The lessons which the good father gave you," said the friend, "may fit you for a monastery, but they will not qualify you either for the court or the army: in a word," continued he, "if you do not call the Colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamous name of a coward, and avoided by every man of *honour*; and, what is more, your commission will be forfeited."—"I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour which you have always shewn, I will endeavour to wipe off so foul a stain, though I must confess I gloried in it before." In consequence of which he immediately sent a challenge by his friend to the aggressor, to meet him early the next morning. They met and fought; the brave African disarmed his antagonist; the next day he threw up his commission, and requested the royal permission to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend, with tears in his eyes, saying, he did not imagine the Christians were such unaccountable persons, and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their conduct. "In my country," said he, "we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

THE BIBLE.

HENRY KNYGHTON, a canon of Leicester, complained heavily of Wickliff, his neighbour and contemporary*, "for having translated out of Latin into English the

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* Wickliff was rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, and died in 1384.

"gospel, which Christ had entrusted with the clergy "and doctors of the church, that they might minister it "to the laity and weaker sort, according to the exigency of "times and their several occasions: so that by this "means the gospel jewel, or evangelical pearl, was made "vulgar, was thrown about and trodden under foot of "swine*." The Mohammedans have been very careful to preserve their Koran from the profanation here complained of: "it is," says Mr. Sale, the translator, "in "the greatest reverence among them. They dare not so "much as touch it, without being first washed or legally "purified: which, lest they should do inadvertently, "they write these words on the cover, Let none touch "it but who are clean. They read it with a superstitious reverence, never holding it below their girdles: "they adorn it with gold and precious stones, &c.†." Henry Knyghton would have approved and commended all this, as just, decent, and in order: but what would Henry Knyghton have said, if he had seen the Bible thumbed and dirtied in our schools, thrown by the boys at one another's heads, and consigned perhaps at length to the most humiliating offices?

It should seem from Lord Bacon, that this familiarity with the Bible might lead by degrees to an actual privation of all religion, yea, even a sense of God's existence: for, reckoning up the sorts of atheists, he lays little stress upon the contemplative, sophistical, philosophical atheists, as they are called. "Among these," says he, "atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart: these "will ever be talking of their opinion, as if they were "wavering about it, and would gladly be strengthened "by the consent of others. These seem to be more "than they are: but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, who are ever handling holy things, without the "least sense or feeling of their being so: so that these "must needs be cauterized in the end‡." Now, according to these ideas, may not the constant official handling of holy things make men atheists, by making

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* Lewis's Hist. of Translations of the Bible, p. 20. 1729. 8vo.

† Sale's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran, 4to.—The Jews had the same veneration for their law; not daring to touch it with unwashen hands, nor then neither without a cover. *Vide Millium de Mohammedismo ante Mohammed.* p. 366.

‡ Essays, xvi.

them gradually lose a sense of their holiness? Look at sextons, parish-clerks, singing boys, choir-men, (I need go no higher,) and see what sense or feeling they have of the holiness of the things about them.—Boys are taught to read in the Bible, because the Bible is a good book*: the school-house is often a part of the church, because the church is an holy place†. Surely our pious ancestors did not know that familiarity breeds contempt; for more effectual means could not be contrived to extinguish or prevent all sense of holiness.

There is yet another reason why boys should not be taught to read by the use of the Bible, if there be any such thing as association of ideas. The Bible, distinct from its religious importance, is certainly a very curious as well as useful book: but the Bible is usually the last book men take up, either for instruction or amusement. Why? because they have formerly been teazed, and buffeted, and flogged about it; and because they hate the scenery which it naturally revives. 'Tis pity but a little knowledge of human nature had been cultivated by these good people, together with their piety and learning.

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SUPERSTITION AND DREAMS.

THE only certainty to man in a savage state, of one event being the natural consequence of another, is its CONSTANTLY following it. He afterwards carries this idea to things that GENERALLY succeed each other, and hence he is able to form tolerably accurate prognostics of

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* The benefit or utility arising from these unions is altogether imaginary. "Wanting an English book for my scholars to translate," says a learned school-master, "which might improve them "in sense and Latin at once (two things which should never be "divided in teaching) I thought nothing more proper for that "purpose than Bacon's Essays." As if a school-boy would attend to, or (if he would) could comprehend, the strong deep sense of Bacon: just as well might it be s id, that boys should be taught in the Bible and at the church, because religion and learning should never be divided. Pref. to Bacon's Essays, translated by Willymot, 1720. 2 vols. 8vo.

† By this means the church-yard, which is also consecrated, and must certainly have some degree of holiness, as well as the church, becomes as it were a licensed play-ground for the school-boys, and at the same time a bear-garden for the parish.

the weather. But as these events, though they most commonly happen according to his foresight, are not so certain as the revolution of the seasons; and as even these differ in some things, as in the forwardness of vegetation; while in others, such as the length of the days, and the relative position of the sun, they are perfectly regular; room is open for the imagination to suggest certain dependences of one thing on another, which in reality do not exist; and these notions will be strengthened from occasional coincidence between indifferent things, and occasional failure of coincidence in things that do in general coincide, as in the prognostics of the weather, and the influence of the seasons on vegetation. And here both the savage and the untutored rustic will frequently be unable to discriminate. The southern hill covered with clouds, though it generally portends rain, will sometimes be suddenly cleared by a change of wind; and the hunter will sometimes find more game than usual when he has seen a crow perching on the elm before his cottage.

Neither let the circles of the polite and the learned laugh with too much contempt at the ignorance of the savage, since there are few persons even in such circles quite free from prejudices equally absurd. Let me ask (in the words of a man of true genius, who thinks for himself, and almost always rightly) 'YOU, an enlightened philosopher, whether you are above choice of seats at whist? whether you have not really believed that your chance for winning was much bettered by taking fortunate chairs, and of course obliging your adversaries to sit, not in those of the scornful, but of the losers? When you quit the game on a run of ill luck, what is it but declaring your belief that the games already played have an influence upon those that are to come*?' From the conversation of most people on the influence of the moon on the weather, one would be led to think, contrary to daily experience, that in this proverbially uncertain climate the variation of the elements was as periodically regular as that of the tides†. How common is the ob-

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* Jackson's Letters, xxvii.

† An ingenious gentleman (Mr. Sullivan) has lately deposed the moon from her influence over the tides. It is merely accidental, it seems, that it happens to be high water in all longitudes when the

servation, that a plentiful produce of berries and mast in the autumn is a sure prognostic of a hard winter, on the idea of its being the act of a benevolent Providence to preserve the birds, who subsist on such food! But as the effect can never precede the cause, such an interference must be the immediate act of supernatural power, and as much a miracle as any recorded in the scripture.

But the surprising faculty of dreaming has, more than any other cause whatever, afforded specious grounds for superstition. The faculty itself appears like the action of the soul, when unencumbered with the grosser powers of the body. And there is sometimes a very striking coincidence between dreams and succeeding events. This must frequently happen from chance; but still more frequently from natural causes. Our dreams are often, though certainly not always, influenced by our waking thoughts. What then is more likely than for a person deeply interested in the welfare of a friend dangerously ill, to dream of his death or his convalescence? Even if the direct contrary to the thing dreamed of comes to pass, the mind will still see some analogy: and hence has arisen a proverbial expression with regard to dreams, which tends to confirm the doubtful in their superstition, and is besides used to alleviate the fears of those who are acted on by the powerful impression of a frightful dream, an impression oftener felt than avowed. I much question, if a man of the firmest mind were to have a very clear dream, portending evil to a person he deeply loved, especially if he knew that person was in a dangerous situation, if he would not feel his fears too strong for his philosophy, and exclaim with Horace—

'Ego cui timebo,
'Providus auspex.'

We must also take into our account, that no argument

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moon crosses the meridian of the place. But the phœnomena of the tides are occasioned by the periodic melting of the polar ice. I know of but one hypothesis equally convincing. I mean that of Mr. William Ramsay, mentioned in the Spectator. This profound philosopher asserted, that 'the absence of the sun is not the cause of night; forasmuch as his light is so great, that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrificous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the sun does light.'

of the fallibility of dreams, brought from the millions of examples of no subsequent event the least analogous attending them, will have the least weight; as these, however striking at the time, are all forgotten, while the smallest coincidence is always remembered, and frequently recorded.

I once heard a person of ability, who was anxious to prove that all dreams could be traced to the thoughts or incidents of the preceding day, account for the contrary appearance, which he could not deny, by the following ingenious though to me not satisfactory hypothesis. He contended, that as our ideas are connected, when waking, by a chain of thinking, so in sleeping they were connected by mere juxtaposition, which he thus illustrated. I see an army reviewed, and hear of a terrible fire at the same time. These ideas therefore become connected in the mind; and while they continue so, the appearance or the mention of one will generally produce the idea of the other, and the waking mind will then recollect the cause of their union: but in a dream the union will exist, though the cause of connection may escape us; and a person whose ideas have been so influenced, will dream of a fire after he has seen a review, and *vice versâ*, though he should not recollect their coincidence at the time.

In the European Magazine for November 1794, there is a very ingenious explanation by an anonymous writer, of a circumstance every one must have felt—the terrible impression we receive from a dream, though on recollecting it perfectly, after being awake some time, we can find no reason why it should have had so violent an effect. He accounts for it from the undiverted direction of our mind to a single object in our sleep, which never can happen in the events of real life. He carries this rational, and I believe new hypothesis, into the impressions we receive from works of imagination, where the same effect is perceptible. I should be ashamed that any actual suffering should so completely unman me, as I have been by the fictitious distress of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Perhaps we may trace to this cause the disappointment we always feel in the attainment of the object of our warmest pursuits. Whatever we wish for is painted in the fairest and strongest colours; we take no attendant inconvenience into our consideration, but a thousand

occur on possession, and our purest joys are liable to be poisoned by evils that have no immediate connection with them. The triumph of a conqueror, or the raptures of a bridegroom, may be totally destroyed by a fit of the colic. For our comfort, however, the objects of our fears, as well as our hopes, diminish in a contrary ratio to the rules of perspective, and are never so much magnified as when they are at a distance.

Another great object of superstitious credit must not be omitted. I mean the re-appearance of the dead. This I believe is now totally discredited by every person who reasons; for every relation of the kind, and many there are still mentioned, will, on being scrupulously investigated, turn out to be unfounded on fact. This must stagger our faith as to every extraordinary event in history, received on human testimony only. We certainly know, if we reason at all, from a clearer conviction than any historic testimony can give, that these stories are false; and yet there is no historic fact better authenticated than some of these stories seem to be. This is strikingly confirmed by the passage of Lucretius mentioned by Addison in the Spectator *. Lucretius, though writing in defence of materialism, was so pressed, not indeed by the evidence of the real fact, as asserted by Addison, but by the universal testimony of tradition in favour of it, that, unable, or afraid to question it, he thought himself obliged to account for these appearances from natural causes; and accordingly does it by saying that the superficies of human bodies are continually flying off, and appearing to their friends either in their absence, or after their death †.

H. T. P.

THE ANTIQUITY OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

It was a custom among the Greeks, and from them derived, like many others, especially of the religious kind, among the Romans, to make libations, to pour out wine, and even to drink wine in honour of the gods. Sometimes this ceremony was introduced to their meals, but in their more solemn entertainments it was performed in

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* No. cx. † Lucretius, l. iv. v. 35.

the interval preceding the *mensæ secundæ*, which answers to our second course, or the desert.

This manner of venerating the gods often occurs in the Classics, and consequently is too well known to want any farther enlargement.

Servius and Potter, with other scholiasts and antiquarians, may enable us to harangue very copiously over the glass, on these devout effusions.

The grateful custom of drinking to the health of our benefactors, or of our acquaintance, is of a more obscure origin, though numberless instances of it are to be seen in the Grecian poets and historians, no less than in the Roman writers. Ovid, that easy and luxuriant genius, that happy proficient in all the literature his age afforded, introduces this usage in his Metamorphoses, as of a very ancient date among the Greeks. The Athenians, on the arrival of Theseus from killing the Minotaurus, according to him, made public rejoicings, attended with a pompous entertainment, in which they congratulate his safe arrival, and enlarge on his unparalleled exploits, which entitled him to a divine immortality.

Here then is the custom of drinking to the health and prosperity of superiors, by whom we have been benefited, or of our equals, with whom we live in reciprocal friendship, in vogue among the Grecians, so early as Theseus, in those remote ages, which are distinguished in history by the splendid appellation of the heroic ages; that is, many centuries before the commencement of the Christian æra. Neither, like us, were they wanting to pay this regard to strangers or foreigners of eminent rank and merit.

Asconius, explaining the meaning of *more Græco bibere* (drinking after the manner of the Greeks), says, that it was their custom, in their libations, first to pay their devotions to the gods, and then mention their friends in terms of esteem and affection, and wishes for their prosperity. Every time they venerated the gods, or wished health to their friends, it was in neat wine; nay, it was indispensable to this religious ceremony, for such it was accounted, to drink *merum*, that is, wine, not only undiluted with water, but without any other of the mixtures then used, as saffron, honey, &c.

Libations were esteemed more respectful than drinking to the honour of the gods, or welfare of their friends; and possibly from this distinction may be derived the omission

of drinking to the healths of illustrious personages, especially where the nobility are not so near on a level with the commonalty, as they are in our well-constituted country.

The Roman gallants used to take off as many glasses to their mistresses as there were letters in her name, according to Martial, who says,

> ' Let six cups to Nævia's health go round,
> ' And fair Tustina's be with seven crown'd.

LISBON,

AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FRENCH TOOK POSSESSION OF IT.

THE first object that must strike every foreigner on entering Lisbon is the badness of the police; the filth of the streets lies every where in heaps, which, in the narrow streets where the rain does not wash it away, require great skill in walking, to avoid sinking into them. In one of the most frequented streets on the river leading to the Ribera Nova, there is only a narrow path winding near the houses; and the reader may form an idea of the number of people who daily use it, the gallegos with their very heavy burthens, which a passenger cannot avoid; while the carts pass as near to the houses as possible, that the horses may not go in the deepest part of the mud; and thus all the dirt and filth is blindly splashed upon the passengers, in the worst manner conceivable. As to the night, the city was formerly lighted, but now this practice has ceased; and, as the window-shutters are shut early, there is no light to diminish the darkness of these dirty, narrow, ill-paved streets. A host of dogs without masters, and living on the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, still worse than these, an army of banditti. Our friends often expressed their astonishment at our venturing into Portugal in these times of war; but I assured them it was by no means so bold an undertaking, as to go at midnight from Belem to Maravilhas, at the eastern extremity of the town. How can a nation, among whom are a number of enlightened men, bear such an abomination, which degrades Lisbon even below Constantinople?

The government is said annually to appropriate a considerable sum to cleansing the streets; but how this money is disposed of is best known to the intendant of the

police of Lisbon and of the whole kingdom, Dom Diogo Ignacio de Pina Manique. Nor must the reader be surprised if I should relate much evil of Dom Diogo, his unjust imprisonments, and the wretched manner in which he feeds the prisoners; but this I will relate in few words, to shew that Dom Diogo is by no means beloved, though a traveller ought to be very cautious and moderate in forming a judgment.

The amusements of the carnival are always governed by the ruling taste of every nation. Of what then should they consist in Lisbon? Both high and low delight in throwing all kinds of dirt and filth on the passengers, who in conformity to custom, and to avoid quarrels, must bear it patiently.

The high walls of the quintas in the town, the vacant and deserted grounds, invite to robbery and murder, which are still farther favoured by the badness of the police. These crimes are always perpetrated with knives, though all pointed knives are prohibited.

Murders generally arise from revenge or jealousy; robbers are generally contented with threats. The spring is the most dangerous time, and I have known every night marked with some murder. The boldness of the assassins is astonishing. On a fast-day, in a procession in honour of St. Rochus, a man was murdered in open day in the throng, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In the summer of the same year a man was robbed at noon, between the walls near the Prince of Waldeck's, who was witness to the transaction. The robbers were even so bold as to attack coaches. But the criminals almost always escaped, the compassion of the Portugueze being such, that every one assists him in his flight. They exclaim Coutadinho! or alas, poor man! and every thing is done to assist him. The punishment of death is entirely done away, and the culprit is sent to the Indies or Angola; a punishment which by no means gives the impression of death, though the climates of both are so unwholesome that destruction is certain.

A great part of these robbers are negroes, of whom there is a greater number here perhaps than in any other city of Europe, not excepting London. Many of them get their bread as tradespeople, not unfrequently become good and respectable citizens, and instances occur of their arriving at a high degree of skill as artisans. A larger portion are beggars, thieves, procurers, and pro-

curesses. Every negro who has served his master seven years in Europe is free, and then not unfrequently becomes a beggar unless he has had a very good master. Great numbers of them are employed as sailors, and I do not see any reason why they are not also enlisted as soldiers; but Mr. Jungk's assertion, that one fourth of the inhabitants of Lisbon are negroes and creoles, like many other assertions of that author, is much aggravated.

There is a great number of vagabonds in Lisbon, for all idle people from the provinces come in torrents to the metropolis, and are permitted to live in the open town without impediment. Hence arise the immense number of beggars, who partly rove about, and partly remain in fixed places, crying out continually, and promising to mention this or that person to Nossa Senhora in their prayers. A physician might here meet with an uncommon number of remarkable cutaneous disorders; I have often observed a true leprosy, and endeavoured by observations of this kind to render myself insensible to the disgust they inspire. These beggars receive a great deal in charity, through a mistaken sense of piety prevalent in Catholic countries. They also often practise artifices to obtain charity. I remember an old man who fell down before us through hunger, as he afterwards said, and thus immediately obtained from my youthful companion a considerable piece of gold; while I, somewhat colder, remarked his theatrical performance, withheld my charity, examined into the affair, and found my suspicions grounded. Another class of begging is that for souls in purgatory. The religious fraternities, to whom it properly belongs to collect these alms, and to have masses performed in a certain church for that purpose, farm out this employment to certain people, who post themselves in the neighbourhood of this church to beg; for which they generally pay eight milrees annually, and by this contract frequently gain one hundred milrees a year. Every thing is done in Portugal *pelo amor de Deos e pelas almas*, (for the love of God and of the souls.) The monasteries send their fruit, usually grapes, to be sold in the streets as it were by auction, in order to perform masses for the money. They are cried about the streets as *uvas pelas almas* (grapes for the souls;) and when the price is asked, the answer is generally considerable. In the *Calzada de Estrella* sat a beggar, who always cried snuff for the souls. Snuff is a great article of necessity

for all ranks, for both sexes, for every old man, and in short for the whole nation. Nor is it difficult to obtain the partiality of any of the common class of people, if the traveller but offer him a pinch of good snuff. I saw a beggar-woman put some snuff to the nose of her child who was still in arms. On a botanical excursion near Lisbon I met a well-dressed lady, who asked for a pinch of snuff, as she had left her box; and when I told her that I never used one, she replied, with an expression of the most violent grief, *estou desesperada* (I am quite in despair). Nor can we blame Alphonso IV. for giving the English soldiers, who had fought so bravely for him at the battle of Ameixial, two pounds of tobacco each. The smoking of tobacco is, however, very uncommon; nor are even cigarros, though so customary in Spain, used by any but sailors.

The porters, water-carriers, and most of the servants, come from the Spanish province of Gallicia, and are called Gallegos. These useful men leave their poor native country, emigrating partly into the other provinces of Spain, partly into Portugal, to earn money by the severest labour, and, in many provinces of Portugal, assist in the harvest. They are extremely laborious, and, though avaricious, honest. This character, however, is not entirely unspotted. Sometimes they settle in Portugal, and open small tippling and eating houses, or grocers' shops, but generally return home with the money they have gained. I have often seen pictures of Portugueze, which, instead of natives, represented Gallegos, whose dress is somewhat different. The vignette of the *New Picture of Lisbon* has the same fault.

The dress of the common people is a vest of various colours, as blue, black, dark brown, &c. over which they wear a mantle with hanging sleeves, like the Spaniards, but a three-cornered hat, and not a brown cap, which is peculiar to the Gallegos. Young ladies also wear a similar mantle, as do both men and women of considerable rank, only that they wear them of various colours, and often figured. Beneath this mantle a fashionable dress is often concealed, similar to that of London or Paris. Great coats and round hats are quite unusual among the natives. Women of the lower classes wear a handkerchief wound round their head so that a corner hangs down behind; some wear the Spanish net *(redesilla)* but never the Spanish veil. Among the rich,

who in other respects pursue European fashions, we here and there saw one with her hair tied flat behind with a riband. The female peasants round Lisbon come to town in a red jacket and a black pointed velvet cap.

Murphy, who in his Travels in Portugal has many very just remarks, is truly ridiculous in others. He says, for instance, fruit-women wear pointed caps, though he might, however, have easily convinced himself of the contrary. Having also, perhaps, once seen some servants playing at cards while waiting for their masters, he sets this down as a general characteristic; but, with his permission, I have also once seen the same in London. On Sunday, he says, that the hair-dressers go about with their swords and chapeaux-bras; this also may have happened once, but is by no means customary. Fires seldom happen in Lisbon; but in the winter of 1798-9 they occurred very often, and a house was burnt down in which a young girl lost her life. He says much in favour of the common people, and praises the great politeness of the Portugueze; adding, that they constantly give the right hand to strangers in walking. Just the contrary: it is singular that, in direct opposition to the customs of other nations, the Portugueze through politeness give every one the *left* hand. His knowledge of the language cannot be great, for he says a Portugueze never fails to say, "I am dying with desire to see you;" which he translates, with a violation of all grammar, *morro com saudades de o ver* *.

What is said in praise of this nation by Murphy and other writers is very just; but what they say against them is not unfrequently exaggerated. They who would judge of the nation by Lisbon run the risk of committing frequent errors; for this city is a rendezvous for all the vagabonds of the whole kingdom, and a great part of the foreigners of the lower ranks are also the scum of their nations. I know that these last are sometimes very docile, and easily fall into the custom of hiring themselves as banditti; for I know certainly of serious proposals of this kind being made. But I must confess that, notwithstanding the numbers of bad people among the lower classes, and the unworthy manner in which foreigners often act toward the inhabitants, examples are

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* He should have said *de ver a vm.* T.

not wanting of true and disinterested hospitality among the common people. Round Lisbon and in the villages, however, the true Portugueze character not unfrequently again appears, to which I have already borne testimony of my full approbation.

Both the higher and lower classes are very fond of a profusion of compliments, which flow in a torrent from every mouth. A common peasant meeting another takes off his hat quite low down, holds him a long while by the hand, inquires after his health and that of his family, and does not fail to add, I am at your commands, and your humble servant *(estou a seus ordens, seu criado)*. This is not a remark taken from a single instance, for I have heard it extremely often from ass-drivers, and others of similar classes. The Portugueze language indeed, even in the mouths of the common people, has naturally something well-bred and elegant; nor do they ever use oaths and indecent expressions, like the English, French, and Spanish low execrations, though the lowest classes indeed sometimes mention the devil. All the Portugueze are naturally talkative, and sometimes very insipid. The rich are said to conceal a false heart beneath a profusion of polite expressions. I have nothing to say in defence of the higher classes; they are as inferior to the Spaniards as the common people excel them. The want of science and taste, which perhaps arises from the total want of works of art in this country; a government which never had wisdom or opportunity to bring into action the nobler passions of mankind; the constant and oppressive neighbourhood of the English, who justly feel their superiority; and the total decay of literature; are, I conceive, the chief causes why the Portugueze nobles are formed of worse materials than any European nobility.

The male sex are not handsome; and a tall man is rarely seen, the generality being short, fat, and square-made. Their features are also seldom regular, turned-up noses and projecting lips being so common as to suggest an idea of a mixture with negroes. The difference between the Spaniards and the Portugueze is extremely striking, the latter being fat, the former meagre, the noses of the latter turned up, those of the former arched downward, so that they only agree in their yellow complexions and black eyes. Of the fair sex, the author of the *New Picture of Lisbon*, who was a Frenchman, and his German editor at Leipzig, Tilesius, differ; the former

praising, and the latter censuring them. In fact, they have the same defects as the other sex, being of too low a stature and inclined to corpulency; but their countenances are expressive, and their manners animated and friendly; which, with very fine eyes, long and uncommonly strong hair, very white teeth, full breasts, and extremely beautiful feet, form, in my opinion, a charming assemblage, and compensate other irregularities. Although in Lisbon, as in every other great city, there is no scarcity of courtesans, and though, as their doors stand open, every one may enter, yet they are far less importunate than in London, or the Palais Royal at Paris; but the description of them in the *New Picture of Lisbon*, though in some respects true, is on the whole exaggerated. But to return to ladies of condition. Those softer graces which adorn the beauties of the north are rarely seen in Portugal; and perhaps they might as ill become the fire of Portugueze eyes as a burning climate can give them birth. Great beauties, however, may be seen in Lisbon, particularly when the slender northern shape and the white fine skin of those climates are united with the advantages of the south, producing as it were the most beautiful work of nature.

From this charming subject I am obliged to pass to the uncleanliness of the Portugueze. On leaving England and entering France every species of uncleanliness becomes greater and greater in proportion as we travel southward. The apartments grow constantly more dirty, the privies are more horrible, or totally disappear, and a host of vermin of all kinds swarm round the traveller in his sleep*. The removal of many of these inconveniences has been attempted in the new German and English inns at Lisbon; and in this respect that city is preferable to Madrid. It is necessary to speak of lice, because too much has already been said of them by others; as that they serve the soldiers instead of cards; that they are commonly bitten between the teeth, &c. It is certain, however, that persons of condition are not ashamed openly to kill them, or suffer others to do it.

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* This was always so. See Zeileri Itenerar. Hispan. p. 280, Lisboua. They (the extractor does not say who) lodged there with an Italian, and had tolerably good fare, but bad wine, and were molested with so many fleas, that, as the author says, they were almost in despair.

It is said that the wife of a minister of state does this not unfrequently at cards in very large companies. This indeed I did not see; but at Caldas in Gerez, a place resorted to for its warm baths, I saw the sister of the bishop and of the governor of Oporto, a charming young widow of an ancient noble family, in an afternoon, before her door, laying her head in the lap of her waiting woman to be loused; and I know for certain that young ladies, when they visit each other, reciprocally perform this office by way of pastime.

THE TRADE OF BEGGING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous sums collected for the poor, notwithstanding the number of hospitals supported by voluntary contribution in the city and environs of London, there is no place where the feelings of humanity receive so many shocks. Every street, every alley presents some miserable object, covered with loathsome sores, blind, mutilated, or exposed almost naked to the keen wintry blast. Speak of this to any of the parish officers, and they will tell you these are all impostors, who, Faquir-like, practise voluntary austerities on themselves, in order to excite compassion, and procure money. Sure this very plea is a disgrace to our police, who ought in that case to apprehend and punish them. Should their distress be real, it is the greatest inhumanity not to relieve them.

How frequently in winter do we see a woman, with two or three half-starved infants hanging about her, apparently dying with the rigours of the season!—If humanity will not instigate the parish officers to take cognizance of them, sound policy ought; since these very children, thus educated, serve to carry on the succession of thieves and vagabonds.

That begging is a trade, and a very beneficial one, is well known; and it is said, that the community is under the regular government of a king or superior, who appoints to every one a particular district or walk, which walks are farmed out to inferior brethren at certain daily sums. It is also reported, that beggars impose tasks on their children or servants, assigning them the harvest of particular streets, estimating each at a certain produce, for the amount of which they are bound to account, under

the penalty of a severe beating. A remarkable instance of this I learned from a person of credit, who overheard a beggar saying to a girl, whilst giving him some money, "What is this for? Han't you been all about Bedford and Bloomsbury-squares? I am sure, hussey, if Russel-street alone was well begged, it would produce double this sum."

In this community, natural defects, or bodily misfortunes, are reckoned advantages and pre-eminences. A man who has lost one leg yields the *pas* to him who wants both; and he who has neither legs nor arms is nearly at the head of his profession, very extraordinary deficiencies excepted;—an instance of which was given in a sailor, who had but one eye, one leg, and no arms. This man, asking in marriage the daughter of a celebrated blind man, was answered by her father—that he thanked him for the honour intended, which he should have accepted, had not his daughter received some overtures from a man who crawled with his hinder parts in a porridge-pot.

It seems a fixed principle in beggars, never to do a day's work on any account, and rather to run away from a job half completed, than finish it to receive the stipulated hire.

I remember an old justice, that lived in a village in the vicinity of London, who, from his knowledge of this principle, long contrived to have his fore-court and garden weeded gratis by itinerant beggars. As he had a handsome house near the road, it naturally drew the attention of the mumping fraternity. On their application for charity, he constantly asked the usual questions, "Why don't you work?" to which the usual reply was always made, "So I would, God bless your worship, if I could get employment." On this, musing a while, as if inclined by charity, he would set them to weed his court or garden, furnishing them with a hoe and wheelbarrow, and promising them a shilling when their job was completed. To work then they would go, with much seeming gratitude and alacrity. The justice stayed by them, or visited them from time to time till they had performed two thirds of their task; he then retired to a private corner or place of espial, in order to prevent their stealing his tools, and there waited for what constantly happened the moment he disappeared, which was the elopement of his workman, who, rather than complete the unfinished third of his work, chose to give up what

he had done. This method, with scarce one disappointment, the old justice long practised; till at length his fame having gone forth among the mendicant tribe, he was troubled with no more applications for charity.

AN ALLEGORY.

In a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me: his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was traveling in the etherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn, on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which, swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstacy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immerged in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after saluting me they took me by the hand.

Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world!—Notwithstanding his ever-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all! An ecstatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presence; the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of

sentiment ; and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent! The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomson, never did your Muse view such a sun! What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling ; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy : the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices was felt glowing in every vein : the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre ; the ear was more lively ; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent : the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual : for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

The sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy terrestrial prison : yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstacy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul.—The bodies of those fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent : while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened a luminous matter which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow : its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere : their progression, in different

orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendor.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness: enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men: a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them: and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pit-fall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord: my existence became most valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly resembled yours: but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures, soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs: there the smaller number oppress the greater: the dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

"Shudder, you that hear me! The greatest enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole: a monster who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, To-mor-

row I shall repose in peace;—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head;—to-morrow dreadful sorrow will not grind my bones;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin!

"Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites.

"Weep, weep with me, my brethren! Hatred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendship betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly."

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from heaven; on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, "Farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near; or rather that of a new life. The ministers of the God of Clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection."—"Why, father," said I, "are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?"

"Yes, my child," he replied, "these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to Heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendor: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death in the inmost recesses of my soul.

LE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

THE continence and generosity of the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* have been immortalized in "the Spectator:" and what history of his time has not celebrated his courage?

Being asked, one day, what was the best legacy which a father could leave to his children, he replied, "*La vertu et la sagesse, qui ne craignent ni pluie, ni vent, ni tempeste, ni force d'homme*—Valour and virtue, which fear neither rain, nor storm, nor tempest, nor the strength of man. Valour and virtue *à toute epreuve.*"

Francis the First was desirous to be created a Knight by Bayard, the evening before the battle of Marignan. Bayard made his excuses, as not being worthy of that honour. Francis insisted, and Bayard, having given him the *accolade* with his sword, exclaimed, "Sire, I hope the ceremony performed by me will prevail as much as if it had been performed by Roland." Then, apostrophizing his sword before he returned it into the scabbard, he said, "From this time, my good sword, you will be regarded as preciously as if you were a relic."

In the war carried on by Julius the Second against the Duke of Ferrara and the French, the Duke agreed with Grendo, an Italian, to poison Julius. Bayard, hearing of this, remonstrated in the strongest terms with the Duke against this atrocious action. The Duke en-

deavoured to excuse it, by saying, that Julius had once hired some one to assassinate him. "Alas! my lord," replied Bayard, "let us never do that which we condemn as a crime in others. Give me up that scoundrel Grendo, and I will either hang him immediately, or send him to the Pope in irons."

It being once proposed to him to enter into the service of the King of England, he answered, "I have already two masters—God and my Prince; I will never serve any other."

At the siege of Mezieres, which town he defended, the Comte de Nassau summoned him to surrender it. "Nay," replied he, "if I must march out of the place, it shall be over a bridge of the dead bodies of the enemy."

At the defeat of Romagnano, when Bonivet, wounded and not able to serve any longer, gave him up the command of the army, he said, "It is rather late, perhaps; but a man should serve his country at the risk of losing that life which he owes to it." Bayard, as usual, performed prodigies of valour, but was wounded by a shot from a musket, which broke some of the vertebræ of his back. He then caused himself to be helped off his horse, and to be placed at the foot of a tree; "that at least," said he, "my face be looking toward the enemy." The celebrated Constable of Bourbon coming up to him, said, "Alas, M. Bayard, how shocked and confounded I am, to see you in this situation! I have always loved and honoured you for the great valour and virtue which you have always possessed." Bayard, making an effort to recover some strength, leaned forward toward the Constable, and said, in a firm tone of voice, "For God's sake, my lord, do not have any pity for me, but rather keep it for yourself, who are fighting against your allegiance and your sovereign, while I am dying for my sovereign and my allegiance."

It was said of Bayard by the military men of his time, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, who always retires from his pursuers with his face toward them. His device was a porcupine, with this motto:

Vires agminis unus habet.

One man possesses the power of a whole troop.

This was given him in consequence of his having singly defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards.

HENRY THE SECOND.

THIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew when it was proper to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to render to her husband the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France toward Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond "of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my "two eyes out of my head than these three fortresses."

Henry was killed at a tournament; and when Catherine of Medicis sent to his mistress, Diana de Poitiers, for the crown jewels, with which he had presented her, she returned them, and told the messenger, "Alas! I have now no master; "and I wish my enemies to know, that "though the Prince is dead, I am not afraid of them; "and if I have the misfortune to survive my Sovereign "any time, my heart will be too much affected with "grief at losing him, to feel in the least degree the "uneasiness and the indignities which they will endea-"vour to put upon me."

MARESCHAL STROZZI.

HIS son coming one day to wish him good morning, he said to him, "Young man, what have you been doing this morning?"—"Sir," replied his son, "I have been to the manege, I have played at tennis, and I have breakfasted." "Blockhead!" said the Marshal, "never satisfy the wants of the body before those of the soul. Pray let that never happen again. Before you do any thing else, feed your mind with the perusal of some good book, or pursue some study or other, and then do afterwards with your body what you please."

According to Brotier, Strozzi was continually reading the history of some of the military expeditions of antiquity; and said, that they were of equal use to him with the practice and exercise of the military art.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Collections for the History of the Town and Soke of Grantham; containing authentic Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton, now first published, from the original MSS. in the Possession of the Earl of Portsmouth. By Edmund Turnor, F.R.S. F.A.S. 4*to.* 1*l.* 8*s. Miller.*

As a topographical work this volume has many claims to praise, the ingenious author having availed himself of every authority, written, oral, and traditionary, to make it in all respects complete; but the book is chiefly valuable on account of the authentic particulars it records of the life of our illustrious countryman, Sir Isaac Newton, of whose private history and conduct so little has hitherto been known. The valuable MSS. which have afforded these *memoranda* came into the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth from his lordship's grandmother, Catherine Viscountess Lymington, daughter and sole heiress of John Conduitt, Esq. by Catherine Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton. This lady, educated at Sir Isaac's expense, and who lived with him near twenty years, before and after her marriage with Mr. Conduitt, was celebrated for her wit and beauty; and was much noticed for her engaging manners by the Earl of Halifax, who made her a considerable bequest at his death.

It is curious to observe from what trifling accidents the most important occurrences sometimes arise; but for the following rather ludicrous circumstance, it is not improbable that Newton might have remained a dunce all his life, and the world have lost its most enlightened philosopher.

"Sir Isaac used to relate that he was very negligent at school, and very low in it, till the boy above him gave him a kick in the belly, which put him to a great deal of pain. Not content with having thrashed his adversary, Sir Isaac could not rest till he had got before him in the school, and from that time he continued rising till he was the head-boy."

As every thing connected with the name of this won-

derful man must be interesting, we offer no apology to our readers for extracting the following information :—

" Sir Isaac lived in London ever since the year 1696, when he was made Warden of the Mint; nobody ever lived with him but my wife, who was with him near twenty years, before and after her marriage. He always lived in a very handsome generous manner, though without ostentation or vanity; always hospitable, and, upon proper occasions, gave splendid entertainments. He was generous and charitable without bounds; he used to say, that they who gave away nothing till they died, never gave, which, perhaps, was one reason why he did not make a will. I believe no man of his circumstances ever gave away so much during his lifetime in alms, in encouraging ingenuity and learning, and to his relations, nor upon all occasions shewed a greater contempt of his own money, or a more scrupulous frugality of that which belonged to the public, or to any society he was entrusted for. He refused pensions and additional employments that were offered him, and was highly honoured and respected in all reigns, and under all administrations, even by those he opposed; for in every station he shewed an inflexible attachment to the cause of liberty, and our present happy establishment.

" Notwithstanding the extraordinary honours that were paid him, he had so humble an opinion of himself, that he had no relish of the applause which was so deservedly paid him; and he was so little vain and desirous of glory from any of his works, that he, as it is well known, would have let others run away with the glory of those inventions, which have done so much honour to human nature, if his friends and countrymen had not been more jealous than he of his and their glory. He was exceedingly courteous and affable, even to the lowest, and never despised any man for want of capacity, but always expressed freely his resentment against any immorality or impiety. He not only shewed a great and constant regard to religion in general, as well by an exemplary course of life as in all his writings, but was also a firm believer of revealed religion, which appears by the many papers he has left on that subject; but his notion of the Christian religion was not founded on a narrow bottom, nor his charity and morality so scanty, as to shew a coldness to those who thought otherwise than he did, in matters indifferent; much less to

admit of persecution, of which he always expressed the strongest abhorrence and detestation. He had such a meekness and sweetness of temper, that a melancholy story would often draw tears from him, and he was exceedingly shocked at any act of cruelty to man or beast; mercy to both being the topic he loved to dwell upon. An innate modesty and simplicity shewed itself in all his actions and expressions. His whole life was one continued series of labour, patience, charity, generosity, temperance, piety, goodness, and all other virtues, without a mixture of any vice whatsoever."

Of Sir Isaac's amusements while a lad, the following relation from a letter by Dr. Stukeley, now first published in a complete state, presents a minute and very interesting picture:—

"A new wind-mill was set up near Grantham, in the way to Gunnerby, which is now demolished, this country chiefly using water-mills. Our lad's imitating spirit was soon excited, and by frequently prying into the fabric of it, as they were making it, he became master enough to make a very perfect model thereof, and it was said to be as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original. This sometimes he would set upon the house-top, where he lodged, and, clothing it with sail-cloth, the wind would readily turn it; but what was most extraordinary in its composition was, that he put a mouse into it, which he called the miller, and that the mouse made the mill turn round when he pleased; and he would joke too upon the miller eating the corn that was put in. Some say that he tied a string to the mouse's tail, which was put into a wheel, like that of turnspit dogs, so that pulling the string made the mouse go forward by way of resistance, and this turned the mill. Others suppose there was some corn placed above the wheel; this the mouse endeavouring to get to, made it turn. Moreover Sir Isaac's water-clock is much talked of. This he made out of a box he begged of Mr. Clark's (his landlord) wife's brother. As described to me, it resembled pretty much our common clocks and clock-cases, but less; for it was not above four feet in height, and of a proportionable breadth. There was a dial-plate at top, with figures of the hours. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to suppy it with its proper quantity of water; and the

family upon occasion would go to see what was the hour by it. It was left in the house long after he went away to the university.

" These fancies sometimes engrossed so much of his thoughts, that he was apt to neglect his book, and dull boys were now and then put over him in form. But this made him redouble his pains to overtake them, and such was his capacity that he could soon do it, and outstrip them when he pleased; and it was taken notice of by his master. Still nothing could induce him to lay by his mechanical experiments: but all holidays, and what time the boys had allowed to play, he spent entirely in knocking and hammering in his lodging-room, pursuing that strong bent of his inclination not only in things serious, but ludicrous too, and what would please his school-fellows, as well as himself; yet it was in order to bring them off from trifling sports, and teach them, as we may call it, to play philosophically, and in which he might willingly bear a part; and he was particularly ingenious at inventing diversions for them above the vulgar kind, as, for instance, in making paper kites, which he first introduced here. He took pains, they say, in finding out their proportions and figures, and whereabouts the strings should be fastened to the greatest advantage, and in how many places. Likewise he first made lanterns of paper crimpled, which he used to go to school by, in winter mornings, with a candle, and tied them to the tails of the kites in a dark night, which at first affrighted the country people exceedingly, thinking they were comets. It is thought that he first invented this method; I cannot tell how true. They tell us too how diligent he was in observing the motion of the sun, especially in the yard of the house where he lived, against the walls and roofs, wherein he would drive pegs, to mark the hours and half-hours made by the shade*, which by degrees, from some years observations, he made very exact, and any body knew what o'clock it was by Isaac's dial, as they ordinarily called it; thus in his youngest years did that immense genius discover his sublime imagination, that since has filled, or rather comprehended, the world.

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* " Several of these dials are to be seen on the wall of the manor-house at Woolsthorpe."

" The lad was not only very expert with his mechanical tools, but he was equally so with his pen. For he busied himself very much in drawing, which I suppose he learnt from his own inclination, and observation of nature. By inquiry, I was informed, that one old Barley (as he was called) was his writing master, who lived where now is the Millstone alehouse, in Castle-street; but they don't remember that he (Barley) had any nack in drawing. However, by this means Sir Isaac furnished his whole room with pictures of his own making, which probably he copied from prints, as well as from life. They mention several of the king's heads, Dr. Donne, and likewise his Master Stokes. Under the picture of King Charles I. he wrote these verses, which I had from Mrs. Vincent by memory, who fancies he made them; if that be true, it is most probable he designed the print too, which is common to this day:—

" A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguish'd here in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth's crown, thus at my feet, I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and, at the best, but vain.
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet;
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet:
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

" These pictures he made frames to himself, and coloured them over in a workman-like manner.

" Mrs. Vincent is a widow gentlewoman living here, aged 82. Her maiden name was Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician of Buckminster, near Colsterworth. Her mother, who was a handsome woman, was second wife to Mr. Clark, the apothecary where Sir Isaac lodged; so that she lived with him in the same house all the time of his being at Grantham, which was about seven years. Her mother and Sir Isaac's mother were intimately acquainted, which was the reason of his lodging at Mr. Clark s. She gave me much of the foregoing account. She says Sir Isaac was always a sober, silent, thinking lad, and was never known scarce to play with the boys abroad at their silly amusements; but would rather choose to be at home, even among the girls, and would frequently make little tables, cupboards, and other utensils for her and her playfellows, to set their babies and trinkets on. She mentions likewise a cart he

made with four wheels, wherein he would sit, and by turning a windlass about, he could make it carry him around the house where he pleased. Sir Isaac and she being thus brought up together, 'tis said that he entertained a love for her; nor does she deny it: but her portion being not considerable, and he being a fellow of a college, it was incompatible with his fortunes to marry; perhaps his studies too. 'Tis certain he always had a kindness for her, visited her whenever in the country, in both her husbands' days, and gave her forty shillings, upon a time, whenever it was of service to her. She is a little woman, but we may with ease discern that she has been very handsome.

"Mr. Clark tells me that the room where Sir Isaac lodged was his lodging room too when a lad, and that the whole wall was still full of the drawings he had made upon it with charcoal, and so remained till pulled down about sixteen years ago, as I said before. There were birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical schemes, and very well designed.

"We must understand all this while that his mother had left Wolsthorp, and lived with her second husband at North Witham. But upon his death, after she had three children by him, she returned to her own house, which likewise, it ought to be remembered, was rebuilt by him. She upon this was for saving expenses as much as she could, and recalled her son Isaac from school, intending to make him serviceable in managing of the farm and country business at Wolsthorp, and I doubt not but she thought it would turn more to his own account than being a scholar. Accordingly we must suppose him attending the tillage, grazing, and the like. And they tell us that he frequently came on Saturdays to Grantham market, with corn and other commodities to sell, and to carry home what necessaries were proper to be bought at a market town for a family; but being young, his mother usually sent a trusty old servant along with him, to put him into the way of business. Their inn was at the Saracen's Head in Westgate, where, as soon as they had set up their horses, Isaac generally left the man to manage the marketings, and retired instantly to Mr. Clark's garret, where he used to lodge, near where lay a parcel of old books of Mr. Clark's, which he entertained himself with, whilst it was time to go home again; or else he would stop by the way between home and

Grantham, and lye under a hedge studying whilst the man went to town and did the business, and called for him in his return. No doubt the man made remonstrances of this to his mother. Likewise, when at home, if his mother ordered him into the fields, to look after the sheep, the corn, or upon any other rural employment, it went on very heavily through his manage. His chief delight was to sit under a tree, with a book in his hands, or to busy himself with his knife in cutting wood for models of somewhat or other that struck his fancy: or he would get to a stream and make mill-wheels."

Though it is impossible to raise the character of Sir Isaac Newton by any information that may be collected concerning him, yet it is always desirable to know under what circumstances great men have risen to eminence, and how far their employments in early life may have given that bias to their future pursuits which has immortalized their name, and endeared their memory to posterity.

Old Nick's Pocket-Book; or, Hints for "a ryghte pedantique ande mangleinge" Publication, to be called "My Pocket-Book."—By Himself, 12mo. 4s.—*Sherwood and Co.*

This is the *retort courteous*, by a writer, who thinks Sir John Carr has been unfairly handled by *Old Nick* in his travesty of *The Stranger in Ireland*, under the title of *My Pocket-Book*, which has been so recently the subject of an action in the Court of King's Bench. "With this work (*vide Advertisement*) the author has taken the trouble to compare *The Stranger in Ireland*, page by page; and although the following result of that comparison may be quite sufficient to convince the reader of the great want of candour which is betrayed in every one of the traveste's insinuations, the greater want of truth which is discovered in every one of his quotations, and the unworthy use of ridicule which pervades his whole work; yet no one, who has not actually gone through that comparison, can judge of the far greater portion of perversions, mutilations, mis-quotations, and false attributions, which still remain behind."

To shew how easy it is to turn into ridicule that which is not ridiculous, and to rescue Sir John Carr's amusing

volume from the unmerciful claws of *Old Nick*, he Author of *this* Pocket-Book furnishes the followng *Hints*:—

Now let me see how I can ridicule all description. "On the right was the rugged hill of Howth, with its rocky bays," says my author. On the RIGHT, was it? strange that it should be on the *right!* It was there as usual? more strange that it should not disappear when my author arrived there! "Its rocky bays also?" strangest of all, that it should not have tumbled down and filled up its bays! Thus, by presuming that every part of a description is related as a matter of surprise, and not of fact, I get rid of all description at once.—Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, and the rest of our accurate descriptive poets, pondered over the preciseness and utility of every word in vain. Let me see if I can't ridicule their best descriptions. Firstly, Shakspeare's Dover Cliff:—

"The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air
"Seem scarce so gross as beetles."

Wonderful that distance should diminish to the sight!

———"Half-way down
"Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Most astonishing that an useful herb should be gathered, and that it should be gathered too, of all places, in that where it was likely to be found! "*Dreadful* trade!" No; it's like writing ridiculous descriptions, nothing when you're used to it, Mr. Shakspeare.

"Methinks he seems no bigger than his head."

If Mr. Shakspeare here means, that, on account of the distance, the whole man looked no bigger than his head would have looked when it was close to him, it is a sapient reflection obscurely expressed; but if he means, that since, from the point of view the cliff afforded, the man's head was looked down upon and the rest of his body foreshortened, the wonderment of the observation is about of a piece with the author's general progress in the scene of perspective. Then follow some more important remarks deduced from the wonderful effect of

distance upon sight, a discovery which it must be supposed Mr. Shakspeare had just made; and the description concludes;

" ———The murmuring surge,
" That in the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
" Cannot be heard so high."

How did Mr. Shakspeare know that the surge murmured, if it " could not be heard so high?" Very strange that the pebbles on a sea-shore should not have been numbered! Why is not this task included in the acts of parliament for reckoning the population of the country? " Idle pebbles," too! oh, they ought to be made to work. 2dly, a passage from Milton's L'Allegro.

" Right against the eastern gate,
" Where the great sun begins his state."

So, the sun rises in the east! nay, more, he is " great," mark that!

" Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
" The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight."

" Rob'd in flames and amber light?" ay, like a lady with a yellow gown, and an amber necklace! The " thousand liv'ries" may not be useless to keep up the " state" Mr. Milton talks of.

" While the ploughman near at hand,
" Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
" And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
" And the mower whets his scythe,
" And every shepherd tells his tale,
" Under the hawthorn in the dale."

" *While*" all this is doing? Why could not the sun wait till they were all done? So strange, too, that a ploughman should whistle, a milk-maid sing, a mower's scythe want whetting, and a shepherd tell a tale. But only think of *all* the shepherds telling their tales under *one* hawthorn in *one* dale! What a crowd and a hubbub there must be! 3dly, a passage from Cowper's " Task."

" Her Ouse, slow winding thro' a level plain
" Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
" Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
" Delighted."

"Ouse was here as usual;" the "level plain of spacious meads also." Strange that cattle should be found in meadows! Here a river takes the eye by its lash, and wafts it down the stream, "delighted!" Strange sport!

> "———There, fast-rooted, in their bank,
> "Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
> "That screen the herdsman's solitary hut."

Now change sides. To be even with the "here," "there" are Mr. Cowper's "fav'rite elms;" "fast-rooted in their bank," too! Strange that! considering that Mr. Cowper knew them to be old friends, and that they were large enough to "screen a hut."

Your author says, that "the Hill of Howth wants only a volcano to resemble Vesuvius:" it is very clear that the word *wants* here is used in the Latin sense of *caret*, and not the English one of *wishes to have:* but any fool can catch the most obvious meaning of a word; take the most remote: say, it would resemble Vesuvius, "if it could *get* what it *wants*."

So much for this *Battle of Books*.—Sir John Carr, in the mean time, is continuing his literary career, and we doubt not will pursue it successfully. The errors (what author is free from them?) which have been pointed out in his former volumes he will of course be anxious to avoid, and unmerited censure he ought to know how to laugh at and despise. At any rate if he again seeks a remedy from a Lord Chief Justice, we presume he will not go to *Law*. There is a Dedication to the worshipful Company of Butchers; and a caricature representing some jolly knights of the cleaver in the act of offering the freedom of the Butchers' Company to the author of "*My Pocket-Book*."

Poems. By Matilda Betham. 8*vo.* 4*s. Hatchard.*

A correct taste, smooth versification, and a general neatness of expression, are the distinguishing characteristics of these poems. They have pretensions occasionallyto elegance, but discover little fancy, or any of the lofty qualities of poetry. No one, however, can get up from the perusal without a very favourable opinion of Miss Betham's good sense, and literary capabilities.

Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney; with Remarks by Miss Jane Porter, (Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw). 2 vols. 12mo. Longman.

These Aphorisms are well known; but they cannot be too largely distributed, or too often perused. Miss Porter's comments are worthy of the original text. The following may serve as a specimen:—

"1. One look (in a clear judgment) from a fair and virtuous woman, is more acceptable than all the kindnesses so prodigally bestowed by a wanton beauty.

"2. It is against womanhood to be forward in their own wishes.

"3. There is a certain delicacy, which in yielding conquers, and, with a pitiful look, makes one find cause to crave help one's self.

"4. Silence ought to be without sullenness; modesty without affectation; and bashfulness without ignorance.

"5. Some women are in that degree of well-doing, to which the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue; and they hold their inward powers in better form, with an unspotted simplicity, than many do, who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is than willingly take to themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered, because it has not passed through the trial of worldly wickedness, nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it; so these innocents, when they come to a point wherein their judgments are to be practised by knowing faultiness by its first tokens, do not know whether the pending circumstance be a thing to be avoided or embraced, and so are apt easily to fall into the snare.

"6. The sex of woman-kind is most particularly bound to consider, with regardful eyes, men's judgments on its deeds."—

"REMARK.

"A clear reputation must be desirable to every honourable mind. Lucretia died to maintain her's; but there the sense of reputation was stronger than that of honour! A truly noble heart would have preferred the death that Tarquin threatened; unsullied purity with a slandered name, before contamination with the power of accusation and revenge. Positive rectitude ought to be the first consideration; a fair character, the second; but

first and second they should ever be. Virtue demands that where possible they should be substance and shadow; and where it is not, we should die rather than relinquish either; unless the last, as in the case of Lucretia, must be preserved by the sacrifice of the first. For virtue is despotic; life, reputation, every earthly good, must be surrendered at her voice. The law may seem hard, but it is the guardian of what it commands; and is the only sure defence of happiness."

We need not point out the dignity, justness, and delicacy of the sentiment contained in the above excellent remark. It is of itself sufficient to recommend the volumes to general perusal.

Reasons for rejecting the presumptive Evidence of Mr. Almon, that Mr. Hugh Boyd was the Writer of Junius, with Passages selected to prove the real Author of the Letters of Junius. 2*s.* 8*vo. Highley.*

So! The author of Junius is at last discovered to be the American General Lee!! The pamphleteer might as well have told us at once that these celebrated Letters were written by the *Man in the Iron Mask.*

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE——*Shakspeare.*

THE STORY OF SHAKSPEARE'S MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FROM MR. DOUCE'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

THREE sources whence the plot of this play might have been extracted, have already been mentioned, viz. Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, 4to.; his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, 4to.; and novel 5. decad. 8. in Cinthio Giraldi. It is probable that the general outline of the story is founded on fact, as it is related, with some variety of circumstances, by several writers, and appears to have been very popular. It has therefore been thought worth while to point out the following works in which it occurs.

In Lipsii *Monita et exempla politica*, Antverp. 1613, 4to. cap. viii. Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, causes one of his noblemen to be put to death for offending in the manner that Angelo would have done; but he is first compelled to marry the lady. This story has been copied from Lipsius into Wanley's *Wonders of the little World*, book iii. chap. 29. edit. 1678, folio; and from Wanley into that favourite little chap book Burton's *Unparalelled Varieties*, p. 42. See likewise *The Spectator*, No. 491. This event was made the subject of a French play by Antoine Maréchal, called *Le Jugement équitable de Charles le Hardy*, 1646, 4to. Here the offender is called Rodolph, governor of Maestrick, and by theatrical licence turns out to be the duke's own son. Another similar story of Charles's upright judgment may be found in the third volume of Goulart's *Thresor d'Histoires admirables*, 1628, 8vo. p. 373.

Much about the time when the above events are supposed to have happened, Olivier le Dain, for his wickedness surnamed the Devil, originally the barber, and afterwards the favourite, of Louis XI. is said to have committed a similar offence, for which he was deservedly hanged. See Godefroy's edition of the *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, Brussels, 1723, 8vo. tom. v. p. 55.

At the end of Belleforest's translation of Bandello's Novels, there are three additional, of his own invention.

The first of these relates to a captain, who, having seduced the wife of one of his soldiers, under a promise to save the life of her husband, exhibited him soon afterwards, through the window of his apartment, suspended on a gibbet. His commander, the Marshal de Brisac, after compelling him to marry the widow, adjudges him to death. The striking similitude of a part of this story to what Mr. Hume has related of Colonel Kirke will present itself to every reader, and perhaps induce some to think with Mr. Ritson (however they will differ in his mode of expressing the sentiment), that Mr. Hume's narration "is an impudent and barefaced lie." See *The Quip Modest*, p. 30. A defence also of Kirke may be seen in the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 544. Yet though we may be inclined to adopt this side of the question, it will only serve to diminish, in a single instance, the atrocities of that sanguinary monster.

In Lupton's *Siquila, Too good to be true*, 1580, 4to. there is a long story of a woman, who, her husband having slain his adversary in a duel, goes to the judge for the purpose of prevailing on him to remit the sentence of the law. He obtains of her, in the first place, a large sum of money, and afterwards the reluctant prostitution of her person, under a solemn promise to save her husband. The rest as in Belleforest's Novel.

In volume i. of Goulart's *Thrésor d'Histoires Admirables*, above cited, there are two stories on this subject. The first, in p. 300, is of a citizen of Como, in Italy, who in 1547 was detained prisoner by a Spanish captain on a charge of murder. The wife pleads for him as before, and obtains a promise of favour on the same terms. The husband recommends her compliance, after which the Spaniard beheads him. Complaint is made to the Duke of Ferrara, who compels the captain to marry the widow, and then orders him to be hanged. The other, in p. 304, is of a provost, named La Vouste, whose conduct resembles that of the other villain's, with this addition: He says to the woman, "I promised to restore your husband; I have not kept him, here he is." No punishment is inflicted on this fellow.

The last example to be mentioned on this occasion occurs in Cooke's *Vindication of the Professors and Profession of the Law*, 1646, 4to. p. 61. During the wars between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, one Raynucio had been imprisoned at Milan for betraying a

fort to the French. His wife petitions the governor, Don Garcias, in his favour, who refuses to listen but on dishonourable terms, which are indignantly rejected. The husband, like *Claudio*, in *Measure for Measure*, at first commends the magnanimity of his wife, and submits to his sentence; but when the time for his execution approaches, his courage fails him, and he prevails on his wife to acquiesce in the governor's demands. A sum of ten thousand crowns is likewise extorted from the unhappy woman, and she receives in return the dead body of her husband. The Duke of Ferrara, Hercules of Este, who was general for the Emperor, is informed of the circumstance. He first persuades the governor to marry the lady, and then orders him to be beheaded.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

This profest diversion of the age flourishes with luxurious elegance, in defiance of timid moralists, and the more furious attacks of the puritan and methodist.

In the ardour of well-meant but mistaken zeal, these declaimers forget that a love of pleasure is a natural, and, if moderately indulged, a rational principle, implanted for wise purposes in the breasts of us all.

That it is unlawful to laugh, and criminal to pretend to be happy, an impious idea, which describes the Almighty and benevolent Disposer of the Universe as a tyrant, and man as the victim of a severe destiny, could only have entered an imagination clouded by despair, and impervious to the mild rays of hope and mercy.

But, if the doors of our theatres *could* be closed, I fear the divine and philanthropist would gain an ineffectual victory, by driving the promiscuous multitude of a crowded metropolis to the sties of sensuality and drunkenness, or the recesses of secret sin.

Yet the merit of Collier, and those who followed him, should not be forgotten; they attacked and drove from the stage those impious railleries and obscene allusions, injurious to correct amusement, and disgraceful to national taste, which tainted the dramas of the day, and too often sully the pages of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanburgh.

It would be easy, in the present instance, from the abuse to argue against the use of amusement; but does it follow from reason, or the nature of things, or from a negligent and corrupted police, that the avenues of our theatres must, on every side, be surrounded by the noisome dens of prostitution and fraud, where women and wine are employed, by well-known desperadoes and their emissaries, as decoys to the gaming table, whilst plunder and suicide close the dismal scene?

The same argument might with equal propriety be alleged against kings, because St. James's palace, the residence of a prince exemplary for pure manners and decorous conduct, is almost elbowed by gamblers, pickpockets and impures; and in such numbers, that if fire from heaven, as in the days of the patriarchs, should descend and destroy every house of infamy in the royal purlieus, our gracious monarch would almost have a desart around him.

It is not our intention to criticise on the drama, or moralise on its abuses, but to notice the gorgeous decorations and bulky magnificence of our new-built theatres, which, leaving regal splendour and ecclesiastic grandeur at an humble distance, rival or outstrip the vast dimensions and graceful proportions of ancient art.

The *coup d'œil* is certainly striking; but, after the stare of wonder and the exclamations of panegyric are satiated and exhausted, when the critic and dramatic amateur are seated in the brilliant magic circle, to enjoy that for which most rational men visit a theatre, they will find, with regret, that comfort, and the pleasure of distinctly hearing what is said on the stage, have been wholly sacrificed to architectural grandeur and vastness of space; a space which the woeful experience of past seasons has feelingly told the managers is never, but on the rare occasion of some temporary stimulants, adequately occupied.

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door has repeatedly presented itself to the imagination as well as feelings of many a shivering spectator.

Mr. Sheridan might have been taught, without paying so dearly for his knowledge, and without exhibiting the degrading spectacle of a half-finished building (that unerring symptom of an empty treasury,) he might have been taught, that there *is* a degree of space, accurately

determined by reason and experience, beyond which the human voice, however artificially assisted or violently strained, cannot with efficacy reach.

The rapture of an immense receipt may seize the imagination or tempt the avarice of a manager, but he ought never to lose sight of the prior claims of the public to comfort and amusement, or he will, as in the case of Drury Lane Theatre, be often obliged to exhibit his gilded lattices, his stuccoes, his pilasters, his processions, his cavalcades, his laughing tragedies and crying comedies, to empty benches; whilst the few who are so unlucky as to be entrapped by the gaudy puppet-shew will suffer mischiefs not easily remedied, from damp space unoccupied, and from freezing currents of air; and all they have, in return, is a view of apparently dumb actors, whom they may like to see, but, with the exception of the fiddlers, cannot possibly hear.

The public would have been to the full as well amused, and much better satisfied, had the theatres prepared for their reception been less gaudy and less stupendous, without levying additional contributions on their pockets; contributions which, in the present rage for sumptuous exhibition, they would have paid with less regret, had not the pleasure derived from the drama, and the comfort of *hearing* a good play, been proportionately diminished, if not almost wholly destroyed. C. P. B.

MACKLIN AND GARRICK.

GARRICK and MACKLIN frequently rode out together, and often baited at some of the public houses on the Richmond road. Upon these occasions, whenever they came to a turnpike, or to settle the account of the luncheon, Garrick either had changed his breeches that morning, and was without money, or else used to produce a 36s. piece, which made it difficult to change. Upon these occasions, Macklin, to use his own phrase, "stood Captain Flashman;" that is, paid the charge. This went on for some time, when Macklin, finding that Garrick never took his turn of paying the expenses, or repaying those he had advanced for him, challenged him one day for a debt he owed him, and then pulled out a long slip of paper, in which the several disbursements were entered according to date, place, and company;

"which, Sir," said the veteran, "amounted to between thirty and forty shillings. The little fellow at first seemed surprised, and then would have turned it into a joke: but I was serious, Sir, and he paid me the money; and after that we jogged on upon our own separate accounts."

Another time Garrick gave a dinner at his lodgings to Harry Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs. Cibber, &c. &c.; and vails to servants being then much the fashion, Macklin, and most of the company, gave Garrick's man (David, a Welchman) something at parting—some a shilling, some half a crown, &c. whilst Fielding, very formally, slipped a piece of paper in his hand, with something folded in the inside. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he got. "I can't tell you yet, Sir," said Davy: "here is half a crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless hur—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin—here is two from Mr. Havard, &c.—and here is something more from the poet, Got pless his merry heart." By this time David had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw it contain no more than *one penny!* Garrick felt nettled at this, and next day spoke to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant. "Jesting!" said Fielding, with a seeming surprise: "so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real piece of service; for had I given him a shilling, or half a crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a *penny*, he had a chance of calling it his own."

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brated tragedy of DOUGLAS, which he presented to the manager of the Edinburgh theatre. It was received with pleasure by the manager, and with the warmest appl use by the public.

The leading members of the kirk were highly offended with the author, for employing his pen upon a subject which they deemed inconsistent with his clerical function, and they used all the arts of persuasion, and all the force of authority, to prevent him from having his tragedy brought into representation. The high opinion, however, which the literary friends of the author had conceived of the work, the desire of poetical distinction natural to the juvenile mind, and perhaps the prospect of pecuniary advantage, rendered him deaf to admonition, and regardless of danger. The consequence was, dismission from his ecclesiasticale mployment, as the elders of the kirk were resolved to maintain the austere dignity of their institution, and not suffer the Muses to sport in a place devoted to religion.

The elders, of course, drew upon themselves much ridicule, for this apparent excess of rigour; but perhaps that ridicule was not properly directed against them. There is much due to old cstablishments, in order to preserve that popular reverence with which they are regarded, and from which the interests of morality and religion may derive considerable support. There is, indeed, no great harm in writing a play, and it seems very fastidious and unreasonable to persecute the author of a moral drama; but the very circumstance of shewing a strong and decisive reprobation of such an appropriation of talents in any person devoted to a particular ministry may tend to increase its estimation, and confirm its authority.

The loss of this situation, however, though at first it seemed to blight all the hopes of Mr. Home, in reality was not of much injury to him; he was taken under the protection of the Earl of Bute, a nobleman distinguished for his love of literature and science, and who may be considered as having himself suffered too much from persecution, in the rage of political animosity. Mr. Home, through the interest of this nobleman, obtained a pension from his present Majesty, before he ascended that throne which his virtues, as a monarch and a man, so eminently contributed to adorn and dignify.

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The disgrace which Mr. Home incurred among his

clerical brethren, and the poetical distinction which he acquired, partly in consequence of that disgrace, and partly arising from the merits of his work, constitute the chief feature in his life, was afterwards devoted to the duties of a place which he held under government in Scotland, and to the cultivation of his dramatic powers. He wrote several works for the stage, incited by the success of his Douglas, but none of them have any degree of merit compared to that popular drama.

Having been patronised by Lord Bute, the late Mr. Wilkes directed his pen, occasionally, against our author, and ridiculed, with some success, a passage in the tragedy of Douglas, in which the river is said to "impose *silence* with a *stilly sound*." The idea of a *sounding silence* is, indeed, ludicrous, and a contradiction in terms; but a man of learning and taste, like Mr. Wilkes, should have looked over such a petty inacuracy in a work of so much merit. The excellence of Douglas, however, chiefly consists in the simplicity of the language, and the pathos of the story; for there is nothing powerful in the sentiment, or very striking in the characters. The catastrophe, we conceive, might have been different, without lessening the proper interest of the drama, though it would not have concluded with the *terrible graces* of tragedy. There was no reason for killing Douglas, and making his mother, in a state of distraction, rush upon suicide. Glenalvon ought to have been destroyed for his villainy, and Lord Randolph might have shared his fate, for attending to the suggestions of an artful villain; rather than boldly searching into the truth of his allegations, in order to bring the supposed adulteress and her paramour to punishment, if they should have been found to deserve it. Thus would the laws of poetical justice have been preserved, the amiable characters would have obtained the rewards they merited, and only guilt and rash suspicion would have suffered; while the progress of the drama would have afforded a sufficient exercise for the sympathies of humanity.

The rest of Mr. Home's dramatic compositions, which were represented with various success, but none with much effect, are the following tragedies:—Agis, the Siege of Aquileia, the Fatal Discovery, Alonzo, and Alfred.

TO STUDENTS AT LAW.

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S OPINION OF PLAYS.

WHEN a student in the Inns of Court, Sir Matthew Hale took up a resolution which he punctually observed, that he would never more see a play, having spent all his money on them at Oxford, and having experienced that it was so great an alienation of his mind from his studies, by the recurring of the speeches and actions into his thoughts, as well as the loss of time when he saw them. He had often disputes with the learned Selden, who was his great friend, and used to say he found great refreshment by it; but Sir Matthew told him he had so much knowledge of the inconvenience of them, that he would not see one for 100l. But he said he was not of Mr. Prynne's judgment, for he did not think it unlawful, but very fit for gentlemen, sometimes, but not for students.

A BENCHER.

TRAGI-COMEDIES.

DRYDEN has been said by some persons to have written his Tragi-Comedies upon his own judgment of the excellence of that neutral drama. In a manuscript letter of his, however, he says, "I am afraid you discover not your own opinion concerning my irregular way of Tragi-Comedy (or my *Doppia Favola)*." I will never defend that practice, for I know it distracts the hearers: but I know withal that it has hitherto pleased them, for the sake of variety, and for the particular taste which they have to Low Comedy. This has been the excuse of dramatic authors, from the earliest times down to the present day.

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
And they who live to please, must please, to live. **K.**

HAMLET.

"And let the kettle to the trumpets speak," &c.

M. DE BROSSES, in his Supplement to the Remains of Sallust, tom. 1. p. 377, seems to have imitated this pompous formula of the *King*, in the last scene of *Hamlet*: Le sénat répondoit aux trompettes par des acclamations lugubres: les chevaliers répondoient au sénat: l'armée aux chevaliers: toute la populace à l'armée.

T. M.

POETRY.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING OF THE TREATY CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND BRITISH FORCES IN PORTUGAL.

"*Si Natura negat, facit* INDIGNATIO *versum.*"—JUVENAL.

AND is it so? Has Well'sley fought for this?
For this has Well'sley conquer'd? Is it so,
That Britain's sons have pour'd their gen'rous blood
In Freedom's glorious cause, and crush'd the foe,—
The Gallic tyrant's vile, rapacious slaves,—
Crush'd them, alas! in vain!—crush'd them, alas!
To make them more than conquerors? To convey
Safe to the shores the predatory band,
Rich with the spoils of England's friends? Forbid,
Forbid it Heav'n! Forbid it honour, shame,
And ev'ry patriot flame that glows divine
Within the breast of Britons! Can it be?
So low is Britain fallen? Oh! forbear
The mean ungrateful thought! Tell not abroad
To Britain's foe the tale of Britain's shame,—
Lest they should triumph in her foul disgrace,
And scoffing cry,—"Where now is Britain's glory?"

16th Sept. 1808. A BRITON.

QUATORZAIN.

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

O'ER these lone woodlands I delight to roam,
When night bespangles the pellucid sky,
And the pale moon strikes my romantic eye
With her mild beam, beguiling me from home!
For then my thoughts, ungovernably free,
Assume a nobler energy and height,
Pause on the time when Marianne, with me,
Here sought a refuge for the sweet delight!
Yet not, alas! for bliss thus soft I steal,
Now thro' the alleys of the silent grove,
For Mem'ry bids me sadly to reveal,
The tedious story of my injur'd love!
And as I wander through each sacred shade,
I trace the semblance of the beauteous maid.

Grafton-street, June, 1808. J. G.

CANZONET.

SWEET is the sound, in lowly dell,
Of the bard's romantic shell;
But to me more sweet's the call
Of yonder dazzling waterfall!

Dear to me are Lesbia's eyes—
Truly dear are Friendship's sighs—
But to these are dearer far
The twinkling of yon argent star!

Mild the queen of night appears
Wand'ring thro' the southern spheres;
But not half so mild's her beam
As yonder wood's meand'ring stream!

Far more bright are Phœbus' rays
Than the sparkling diamond's blaze;
But the glist'ning eyes of Sarah,
Brighter are than Sol, and fairer!!!

Teach me then, O Muse! to prize
Nought but those bewitching eyes;
Make my Sarah's gentle calls
Sweeter than the waterfall's.

Make my lover's glittering eyes
Surpass the star in yonder skies!
Then will all her smiles appear
Than Diana's far more clear!

Heavenly Muse! thou art to me
A source of endless ecstasy!
Yea! thou hast a Beauty wrought,
Whose charms outstrip the force of thought!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808. J. G.

SONG.

SLOW, pleasant, and tranquil, my time pass'd away,
'Till Delia I saw and approv'd;
No swain was so cheerful, so blithsome, and gay,
But how chang'd since the moment I lov'd!

Now in secret I sigh, and bemoan my lost heart,
No pleasures can soften my grief;
'Tis Delia alone can assuage all my smart,
'Tis her kindness must give me relief.

But if she rejects my fond plaint with disdain,
And coldly regards my soft prayer,
Of her cruelty then I will never complain,
But end my sad days in despair.

HENRY.

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

TO MY LYRE.

YES! once again I'll clasp my vagrant lyre,
That long hath lain neglected and forlorn,
And as I taste the mellow draught of morn,
Will strike its chords and join the woodland choir:
Here 'neath these reverend oaks will I retire
From those who treat me with indecent scorn;
For though perhaps to poverty I'm born,
My bosom glows with independent fire!

Hail! little friend! my sweetest pleasure, hail!
For she is gone who succour'd thee with care;
O'er every action of my life prevail,
And smooth the rugged brow of dark despair!
Or, should the clouds of disappointment low'r,
Bid me look calmly on the threatening show'r!

Grafton-street, June, 1808. J. G.

A BURLESQUE SONNET.

A SONNET?—how ridiculously vain
Is the request in these degenerate times!
When scarce a poet can produce two rhymes
Without tormenting for an hour his brain!
Or filling his dull eyes with deadliest pain,
By searching Walker* for the various chimes!
One could as soon arrest the sun that climbs
The heavens, as mould a *Sonnet* in a pleasing strain!

Well, how sublime! Why, Lofft! upon my soul
I am unequall'd in this wond'rous lay!
What wou'd that snivelling Sonnetteer† now say,
Cou'd he get loose from death's terrific goal?
Why, he would naturally yield to me,
Without the least reserve, the victory,

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808. J. G.

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* Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. † Petrarch.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE

Opened for the season on Saturday the 17th of September, with the Honeymoon and Rosina.

20. Hamlet. Ophelia, by a young Lady (her 1st appearance on any stage). Irishman in London.

22. Love in a Village. Young Meadows, Mr. Gibbon; Hodge, Mr. SCRIVEN (from Edinburgh, his 1st appearance in London). Citizen. Old Philpot, Mr Penley.

[Mr. J Smith announced for Young Meadows; but, for what cause we know not, he did not perform.]

24. Country Girl—Ella Rosenberg.

The Company is the same as last season; and the interior has undergone no alteration, excepting that some additions have been made to the private boxes, before too numerous. The new *Ophelia* is a Mrs. Corri, wife of the musician. She has been well instructed, and has a good voice, but *præterea nihil*. Mr. Scriven, the *Hodge*, has been long a favourite comedian in the North, and his merits, though not extraordinary, fully entitle him to a respectable cast of characters in London. He was very well received.

COVENT GARDEN

Opened on the 12th of September, with Macbeth and Raising the Wind. Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons.

14. Woodman—Portrait of Cervantes.

16. Isabella—Escapes.

19. Pizarro—Portrait of Cervantes.

This Company also remains as it stood last year; with the loss of Miss Smith, who winters it in Dublin. The dreadful Fire, of which we insert the most authentic account we can procure, put a stop to the representations for one week. On Monday the 26th the proprietors opened the Opera House, with *Douglas* and *Rosina*; those pieces requiring but few dresses, and but two or three scenes.

HAYMARKET.

AUGUST.

23. African—Blind Boy.

24. [Mr. and Mrs. LISTON'S Night.] Pannel. Don Gusman, Mr. Noble; Don Carlos, Mr. Thompson; Don Pedro, Mr Carles; Don Ferdinand, Mr. Palmer. jun Lazarillo, Mr. Farley; Octavio, Mr. Treby; Muskato, Mr. Liston. Marcella, Mrs. St Leger; Aurora, Mrs Mathews; Beatrice, Mrs. Gibbs—Who Wins? Matthew Mole, Mr. Grove; Widow Bellair, Mrs. Taylor.—Critic.

25. Africans—Seeing is Believing—Plot and Counterplot.

27. Ib.—Mrs. Wiggins—Tom Thumb.

29. [Mr. YOUNG'S Night.] Pizarro. (Pizarro, (for that night only) Mr. Chapman; Alonzo, Mr. Abbot, (from Bath, his 1st ap-

pearance in London). Elvira, Miss Marriott, (from Bath, her 1st appearance on this stage).—Critic.

30. Africans—Music Mad—Blind Boy.

31. Ib.—YES OR NO? (Never acted.) The Overture and Music by Mr. C. Smith. The Characters by Messrs. Grove, Liston, Farley, Palmer, jun. Noble, Mathews, Treby; Mrs Davenport, Mrs. Liston.

SEPT.

1. Blue Devils—Yes or No?

2. Ib —Ghost—Ib.

3. [Mr. FAWCETT's Night.] Zorinski—Critic—Plot and Counterplot.

5. Africans—Blind Boy—Yes or No?

6. Ib.—Escapes—Ib.

7. Ib.—Yes or No?—Cheats of Scapin.

8. Ib.—Tom Thumb—Yes or No?

9. [Mrs. GIBBS' Night.] Honeymoon. Duke, Mr. Young.—Plot and Counterplot—Valentine and Orson.

10. Africans—Music Mad—Yes or No?

12. Dramatist—Yes or No?—Plot and Counterplot.

13. Africans—Critic—Tom Thumb.

14. Hamlet—Cheats of Scapin.

15. Africans—Plot and Counterplot—Yes or No?

The Theatre closed on the 15th, with the usual compliment to the audience from Mr. Fawcett. The farce of YES OR NO? is a pleasant trifle, and having the advantage of some pretty music, and excellent acting, no doubt sufficiently answered the purpose both of manager and author.

DESTRUCTION OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE BY FIRE.

ON Tuesday morning (Sept. 20), at 4 o'clock, took place one of the most tremendous conflagrations which this Metropolis has witnessed for many years, and which ended in the total destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, certainly one of the most complete and splendid in Europe, together with a great number of the adjoining houses; but the circumstance which consummated the calamity is the melancholy destruction of human life which ensued, in a most fatal and shocking manner. The play and entertainment announced for representation on the previous evening were *Pizarro*, and *the Portrait of Cervantes*, which were performed with the greatest *éclat*, and produced a remarkably full house.—During the performance, nothing transpired which could indicate, in the least degree, the possibility of the melancholy catastrophe which in a very few hours afterwards took place. The representation was over by eleven o'clock, and about twelve Mr. Brandon, after going round the house, saw every thing apparently safe, and retired to rest. The watchman also went his usual rounds at two o'clock in the morning, when there was no appearance to excite suspicion. At four Mr. Brandon was called up by the watchman, when the whole house

was in flames. About this time a thick smoke, and immediately afterwards flames, were seen issuing from the large ventilator on the roof of Covent Garden Theatre. Within ten minutes, several parts of the roof were perceived to be on fire, and in half an hour the whole covering of that immense building was in flames, burning with such fury and intenseness, that, though it was then broad day light, the column of fire thrown up was perceivable even in many of the more distant environs of the metropolis. The engines of every fire-office in town, and of all the neighbouring parishes, rattling through the streets, spread an universal alarm. Every person within half a mile supposed, on looking out, the fire to be within three or four houses of him. The theatre was speedily surrounded with engines, and thousands of persons, ready to give all the assistance in their power; but the building is so closely surrounded by high and deep houses, that for some time very little or nothing could be done by all their efforts to check the progress of the flames. The roof fell in about six, and before eight o'clock, the whole interior of this magnificent building, the audience part, the stage, the different entrances, the treasury, and music-room, were consumed. Of so great a destruction, effected in so short a time, there is perhaps no former instanee; but the large area of the Theatre gave air to the flames, and almost every material composing it was highly combustible.

The endeavours of the firemen were now all applied to the prevention of an increase of the calamity, the houses on the four sides of the theatre being evidently in great danger. Their height made it impossible for the engines to play over them; but the leathern pipes were carried up the stair-cases of the houses to the third floors, and being thrown down the ends were fastened to the engines below. All these exertions could not prevent the progress of the flames to the houses in Bow-street, to which side the wind inclined. Several of these are connected with the theatre, and appropriated to different parts of the establishment. Most of these are destroyed, and some others. Soon after four o'clock, when the fire was at its height, from the direction and force of the wind, there was reason to fear the destruction of the whole mass of houses reaching to Russel-street; but the wind soon fell considerably, and the fire seemed to take a different direction. It is impossible to describe the horrors of the scene at this moment. The immense volume of fire, the crashing of the beams, and the roof, the knocking up of the families in the neighbourhood in order to save themselves from the devouring element, altogether formed a scene that beggars all description. As the heavy timbers fell, the light burning matter was thrown up to an immense height and extent, and the whole atmosphere was filled with floating flakes of fire, which fell in all directions, spreading consternation, and threatening ruin to the whole neighbourhood. Pieces of scenery and ornaments were carried to a considerable distance, and a piece of carved wood, all on fire even fell near St. Clement's Church. The Apollo on the top of Drury-lane Theatre, formed a striking spectacle, as the fiery materials fell around it in a sort of shower. The conflagration continued to extend itself without the least prospect of a stop being put to its fury. The alarm was spread all over the town with the utmost rapidity—the fire engines poured in from all quar-

ters, but they could not render any effectual assistance for a considerable time, from the scarcity of water. This circumstance, though it would be a matter of great regret at a fire of less magnitude, was of little consequence; for had all the engines in London been suffered to play upon the burning pile at once, little benefit could have been derived from their exertions, so tremendous were the flames at one time. Great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Drury-lane Theatre, as the flakes of fire were carried by the wind with force and in great quantities in that direction. A great number of people mounted the roof, ready in case of actual fire to open the large cistern of water provided there. They also stopped the windows with wet cloths, to prevent the entrance of the flames, and thus secured the theatre. All the people in the neighbourhood took a similar precaution and were employed, with their servants, in picking up the flakes of fire as they fell on the roofs, or in the yards. A great number of volunteers, of different corps, were speedily assembled, and, by their activity and exertions, were very useful in keeping open the passage to the theatre, and in preventing the inconveniences arising from a mob. These were followed by detachments from the Horse and Foot Guards, who continued on the spot during the course of the day. Several miscreants were taken into custody, who attempted to avail themselves, for the purposes of plunder, of the confusion and dismay produced by this tremendous catastrophe.

But great as this calamity is to the proprietors and other sufferers, a most dreadful occurrence is yet to be mentioned. The firemen attached to an engine belonging to the Phœnix Office, together with several others, had broke open the door of the theatre under the Piazza, and advancing forward into the passage, had directed the pipes up the stairs leading to the boxes. While thus in the act of playing upon the interior of the Theatre, a stack of chimnies, belonging to the Shakespeare Tavern, fell down, and bursting through the covering of the passage, buried them in the ruins! This dreadful event took place about a quarter before seven, and it was a considerable time before the rubbish, which now blocked up the door, could be cleared away. When it was effected, a miserable spectacle presented itself—the mangled bodies of dead and dying appearing through the rubbish, or discovered in each advance to remove it. A number of dead bodies were conveyed to the bone house of Covent Garden parish to be owned, and the bruised and scorched in whom any signs of life were perceived were sent to the hospital.

The Treasurer (Mr. Hughes), though infirm, contrived to secure all the books and papers relative to the concerns of the theatre, as well as the produce of the last night's performance. The fire is supposed to have broken out in what is called the mechanist's workroom, which was between the roof and the cieling, immediately over the pit. The cause of it is wholly unknown. All the precautions long established by the rules of the theatre had been taken, as usual. The persons who light the lamps and candles had extinguished them; the housekeeper had gone over the whole building afterwards; and the watchman of the theatre had, as we have already said, been his rounds during the night. Mr. Harris was at his country-house near Uxbridge when the event took place, and

and Mr. Harris, junior, on Tuesday morning carried to him the distressing news. Mr. Harris, when informed of the great loss he had sustained, in the total destruction of a theatre in which so much of his property was invested, and the concerns of which he had superintended for so many years, with such distinguished liberality and success, bore the information with calmness and fortitude. On his coming to town, however, and being made acquainted with the melancholy circumstances with which it was attended, he was greatly distressed.

It has not been ascertained, nor perhaps ever will be, from what cause the fire originated. It was rumoured that the Theatre had been wilfully set on fire, but there does not appear any ground for a suspicion of this nature. It was also supposed, that the wadding of the gun fired during the performance of PIZARRO, had lodged in one of the scenes, and that the fire had originated from this cause, but the wadding used for that purpose was so slight a piece of paper, that it is scarcely possible it could have caused any injury. Many other conjectures have been hazarded as to the cause of the fire, but in this, as in most other cases of a similar nature, there scarcely appears any possibility of ascertaining with the least certainty the actual cause of the conflagration.—A wall had been recently built for the purpose of preventing any danger to the Theatre, from fire breaking out in either of the Coffee-houses next to the Piazza. This wall had the effect of preventing the flames from the Theatre communicating to the Coffee-house, otherwise it is probable the whole of that side of Covent Garden and the east side of James-street, as far as Hart-street, would have been destroyed.

The loss to the proprietors will be immense. The property is supposed to have been worth 150,000*l.* and not more than a third of that sum was insured. Besides the actual loss, much of the property is of a nature that cannot be replaced. A vast collection of manuscript music by Handel, Arne, and other eminent composers; the finely-painted scenes of Lambert, Dahl, Carver, Richards, and other great masters, the admiration and study of our present artists; Handel's organ, used at the oratorios, and valued at 1000 guineas; the immense wardrobe of the theatre, more complete than any in Europe; and other losses too numerous to recount, which will occasion the utmost embarrassment to the proprietors, and prevent the performance of many dramatic pieces, the representation of which would bring vast sums into the treasury.

Arrangements are already forming for the erection of a new theatre on the old scite. It will be of the most magnificent description; but we hope that, in the planning of it, some attention will be paid to the points alluded to in an article inserted in our dramatic department for this month. For their own sakes, the proprietors will guard against the probability of a second conflagration. The outlets of our present theatres are extremely inconvenient and dangerous; in the new building they should be increased, and this may be done without adding to the number of door-keepers. The theatre will no doubt be detached from all other houses; and it might be fit matter for the consideration of the proprietors whether separate buildings might not be erected for the wardrobe, the carpenter's room, painter's room, &c. &c. so that, in case of a misfortune by

fire, all would escape destruction except the apartment in which the accident might commence.

A committee is formed in Covent Garden Parish, to receive subscriptions for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers; and the proprietors of the theatre have signified their intention of appropriating a night to their benefit.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

An Inquest was held on Wednesday, Sept. 21, at two o'clock, at the house of Mr. Belshaw, the corner of James-street, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, before Anthony Gell, Esq. Coroner for Westminster, on the bodies of those unfortunate persons who lost their lives at the dreadful fire. Upwards of twenty persons have lost their lives, and a considerable number were severely wounded and bruised.

The principal witness was W. Addecot, of Little Russel-street, stage-carpenter at Covent Garden theatre. He deposed that on Monday night the play of *Pizarro* was performed. At about half after eleven o'clock, upon the final dropping of the curtain, as the audience was going away, he quitted the theatre and went home. He went to bed at nearly twelve o'clock; at four in the morning, he was awakened by Mr. Carmichael, a baker, his next-door neighbour, who informed him that the theatre was on fire. Upon going to Hart-street, he saw that the theatre was in a blaze. He then went to the pit door, where he saw the British and some other engines. Mr. Hughes's (the treasurer) door was broken open. Mr. Brandon then came and gave the witness several keys belonging to the theatre, in order to obtain the more easy access for the firemen; but in the confusion and agitation of mind which the persons connected with the theatre were then in, they were unable to fit the keys to the locks which they wished to unfasten. The doors were then forced open; but though there was a reservoir within the theatre, there was not any hose at hand which could fit the engines. Messrs. Hadley and Simkins, of Long Acre, engine makers, sent some hose, and two or three of their small engines, which played with considerable effect. The witness then went round to the Piazza door, where he saw the Phœnix fire-engine worked by about a dozen men inside of the great entrance gates. The witness advised one of the engineers to remove from that spot, as, from his local knowledge of the theatre, he could perceive the men were in imminent danger. The fire was then burning through from the boxes towards Covent Garden Market, and the room over their heads, called the Apollo Room, was also in one blaze. The witness was told to mind his own business, and accordingly quitted the place, and returned to the Bow-street side of the theatre. By this time he could perceive that the whole of the theatre was one solid body of fire. It was impossible for him to ascertain the cause; he could state, that it appeared to him to have begun about the centre of the house, towards the left side of the building. In less than half an hour after he was told by one of the firemen that the house was down, and that some of their men were killed. Upon returning again to the Piazza, he saw the workmen busily engaged in digging for the bodies; and perceived that it was the Apollo Room which had fallen in. He believed that, if it had not been for a strong party-wall which had been but lately erected, the Bed-

ford Coffee-house must certainly have fallen, and then the whole row of houses on that side of the Piazzas would have been in danger.

The houses which were burnt in Bow-street were those of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hill, Mr. Sloper, Mr. Hughes (the Treasurer), and Mr. M'Kinlay (book-binder). There was a watchman inside of the theatre, who had a fire and a chair, but no bed; it was his business to go round the principal parts of the theatre every hour, but it was supposed that he had fallen asleep, as it was not until after some considerable knocking at the doors that he answered. There was not at any time more gunpowder kept in the theatre than was necessary for the night; and he did not suppose it at all probable that there was any more than two pounds of powder in the theatre at the time of the accident, and that was placed in a very opposite part of the theatre to that in which the accident took place.

After the conclusion of the evidence, the Coroner observed, that in his opinion this melancholy event was purely accidental. The Jury would then consult, and pronounce their opinion on the case as it then stood, unless they should think that any further evidence was necessary. In that case, he should certainly comply with their wishes. There was one good result from this public and minute inquiry, which was, that it would be seen that there was not the slightest blame attributable to those who had the management of the theatre; and it would also be another benefit to be derived from this public explanation of all the circumstances connected with this unfortunate and most truly distressing accident, the relatives of the deceased would find some consolation in the midst of all their affliction for the loss of a relation or friend, when they found that it was proved on oath that these persons with whom they were nearly connected, though they had met with a premature or untimely fate, had been called into the presence of their Maker in the performance of a most benevolent act, and had left an honourable name behind them.

The Jury immediately agreed, *That the deceased had come by their deaths by the accidental falling in of the Apollo Room.*

THEATRICAL CONFLAGRATIONS.

DRURY-LANE was built 1662; destroyed by fire 1672; rebuilt 1674; pulled down 1791; rebuilt 1794.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE was built 1733; enlarged 1792; destroyed by fire 1808.

OPERA-HOUSE, Haymarket, opened 1704; burnt down 1789; the foundation of a new one laid 1790.

PANTHEON, Oxford-street, opened 1772; converted to an Opera-House 1784: burnt down 1792.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE, burnt down on the Duke of York's birth-night, 1794; rebuilt; and burnt down a second time, in 1803.

ROYAL CIRCUS, destroyed by fire on the Prince of Wales's birth-day, 1805.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A musical entertainment called the *Fortune Teller*, is immediately to be produced at Drury Lane. The music by Mr. Reeve. Bannister has the principal character.

A romantic melo-drame was in readiness at Covent Garden, and, but for the dreadful calamity of the fire, would by this time have been acted. It was the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, from the same original which furnished Mr. Skeffington's *Mysterious Bride*. The music is by M. Jouve. The scenes were painted, and the decorations nearly complete.

Barrymore returns this season to the London boards; but whether those of Drury Lane or the Opera House, we have not heard. He played Glenalvon at the opening of the latter theatre.

It was in contemplation of the Covent Garden managers to raise the prices of admission to the King's Theatre, the boxes to 7*s*. and the pit to 4*s*. but the intention has wisely been dropped. The admission money is quite high enough; and the enlarging it might have produced a riot, and not improbably the destruction of *another* theatre. The attempt would, no doubt, have been seriously resisted by the public.

Talbot (of Dublin) has purchased from Mr. Bellamy the Belfast, Newry, and Londonderry theatres.

Holman continues to manage in Dublin. H. Johnston, we believe, resigns his post, and meditates a visit to his native city, the metropolis of Scotland.

The managers of Covent Garden were in treaty with Miss Marriott, who performed Elvira at the Hay-Market for Mr. Young's benefit; but the lady declined the proposal, preferring "to *reign* at Bath, than SERVE in Covent Garden." She is much improved as an actress, since her retirement from the latter theatre.

Mrs. Mudie, from the Windsor company, is said to be engaged at Drury Lane.

Captain Caulfield, who played *Hamlet*, *Ranger*, &c. at Covent Garden, a few winters ago, and afterwards acted the vile part of a seducer, and was thrown into the Bench for the *crim. con.* damages, died a few days ago within the rules, of a decline. It was at first stated that he had been shot in a duel with a Mr. P——.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal DUBLIN.—The frequenters of the Irish Theatre have never been gratified with a more pleasing union of histrionic talent than during the present season. In comedy and opera particularly the company has been exceedingly attractive; the dry humour of Dowton, and the eccentric whimsicalities of Jack Johnstone, have afforded considerable amusement. At the head of the operatical department must be placed Mrs. Dickons, who has exerted herself so unceasingly, and displayed such melodious power of voice and cultivated science, as have rendered her more popular with the Hibernians than perhaps any preceding English singer;

and this sentiment was fully exemplified at her benefit; which, though it came between the nights of Incledon and Johnstone, was extremely crowded and brilliant. In *The Soldier tir'd* Mrs. Dickons received the flattering applause of the celebrated musical composer, Sir John Stevenson, who warmly complimented her on the neatness and facility of her execution. Incledon's manly voice and unaffected style have acquired him an increase both of reputation and profit; and the chaste manner and impressive tones of Bellamy have excited univeral approbation.

Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.—The following Address was spoken by Mr. Jones at his Benefit :—

One moment more I trespass, to impart
The warm effusions of a feeling heart,
Impressed with gratitude for favours shewn
To *me*, when first a stripling and alone,
I ventur'd here—unknowing and unknown;
I came a stranger, and unfriended too,
But soon found friends and countenance in you.
One night, the laughing Hero of a play,
I trod these boards—scarce knowing what to say,
My head confus'd—my heart with cares oppress'd,
A trembling *Gossamer* * I stood confess'd;
But your applause soon banish'd all my fears,
All were forgotten 'midst your friendly cheers.
Fired with the spirit of th' enliv'ning sound,
I hoax'd and laugh'd, with glee, to all around,
And if my feeble efforts met applause,
Yours be the praise—your kindness was the cause.
Your plaudits first inspir'd my youthful mind
With love of fame; eager that fame to find
I tried my fortune in our sister isle,
Hibernia's sons received me with a smile.
For eight successive years they crown'd with favours,
Nurtur'd with kindness all my young endeavours,
Confirm'd me in those hopes *you* cherish'd first,
The bantling which *you* rais'd, *they* kindly nurst.
Once more return'd to my lov'd native shore,
I hasten *here*, in grateful thanks to pour
The off'rings of an overflowing breast,
Encouraged by *your smiles*, and by your presence blest.

Theatre Royal, WEYMOUTH.—The theatrical campaign this season has not I fear been so productive as the known liberality of the manager (Mr. Hughes) deserves, though he has added to the strength of his corps, by retaining several veterans of established fame; the merits of an Evans and a Bengough have been long stamped current by the discriminating taste of a Bath and Bristol audience; their performances here will add fresh laurels to those already gained.

In the line of comedy, a Mr. Sandford fills many characters with great judgment and spirit, notwithstanding the disadvantage of an

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* This was the part which first brought Mr. Jones into notice.

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Confirm'd me in those hopes *you* cherish'd first,
The bantling which *you* rais'd, *they* kindly nurst.
Once more return'd to my lov'd native shore,
I hasten *here*, in grateful thanks to pour
The off'rings of an overflowing breast,
Encouraged by *your smiles*, and by your presence blest.

Theatre Royal, WEYMOUTH.—The theatrical campaign this season has not I fear been so productive as the known liberality of the manager (Mr. Hughes) deserves, though he has added to the strength of his corps, by retaining several veterans of established fame; the merits of an Evans and a Bengough have been long stamped current by the discriminating taste of a Bath and Bristol audience; their performances here will add fresh laurels to those already gained.

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fire, all would escape destruction except the apartment in which the accident might commence.

A committee is formed in Covent Garden Parish, to receive subscriptions for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers; and the proprietors of the theatre have signified their intention of appropriating a night to their benefit.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

An Inquest was held on Wednesday, Sept. 21, at two o'clock, at the house of Mr. Belshaw, the corner of James-street, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, before Anthony Gell, Esq. Coroner for Westminster, on the bodies of those unfortunate persons who lost their lives at the dreadful fire. Upwards of twenty persons have lost their lives, and a considerable number were severely wounded and bruised.

The principal witness was W. Addecot, of Little Russel-street, stage-carpenter at Covent Garden theatre. He deposed that on Monday night the play of *Pizarro* was performed. At about half after eleven o'clock, upon the final dropping of the curtain, as the audience was going away, he quitted the theatre and went home. He went to bed at nearly twelve o'clock; at four in the morning, he was awakened by Mr. Carmichael, a baker, his next-door neighbour, who informed him that the theatre was on fire. Upon going to Hart-street, he saw that the theatre was in a blaze. He then went to the pit door, where he saw the British and some other engines. Mr. Hughes's (the treasurer) door was broken open. Mr. Brandon then came and gave the witness several keys belonging to the theatre, in order to obtain the more easy access for the firemen; but in the confusion and agitation of mind which the persons connected with the theatre were then in, they were unable to fit the keys to the locks which they wished to unfasten. The doors were then forced open; but though there was a reservoir within the theatre, there was not any hose at hand which could fit the engines. Messrs. Hadley and Simkins, of Long Acre, engine makers, sent some hose, and two or three of their small engines, which played with considerable effect. The witness then went round to the Piazza door, where he saw the Phœnix fire-engine worked by about a dozen men inside of the great entrance gates. The witness advised one of the engineers to remove from that spot, as, from his local knowledge of the theatre, he could perceive the men were in imminent danger. The fire was then burning through from the boxes towards Covent Garden Market, and the room over their heads, called the Apollo Room, was also in one blaze. The witness was told to mind his own business, and accordingly quitted the place, and returned to the Bow-street side of the theatre. By this time he could perceive that the whole of the theatre was one solid body of fire. It was impossible for him to ascertain the cause; he could state, that it appeared to him to have begun about the centre of the house, towards the left side of the building. In less than half an hour after he was told by one of the firemen that the house was down, and that some of their men were killed. Upon returning again to the Piazza, he saw the workmen busily engaged in digging for the bodies; and perceived that it was the Apollo Room which had fallen in. He believed that, if it had not been for a strong party-wall which had been but lately erected, the Bed-

ford Coffee-house must certainly have fallen, and then the whole row of houses on that side of the Piazzas would have been in danger.

The houses which were burnt in Bow-street were those of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hill, Mr. Sloper, Mr. Hughes (the Treasurer), and Mr. M'Kinlay (book-binder). There was a watchman inside of the theatre, who had a fire and a chair, but no bed; it was his business to go round the principal parts of the theatre every hour, but it was supposed that he had fallen asleep, as it was not until after some considerable knocking at the doors that he answered. There was not at any time more gunpowder kept in the theatre than was necessary for the night; and he did not suppose it at all probable that there was any more than two pounds of powder in the theatre at the time of the accident, and that was placed in a very opposite part of the theatre to that in which the accident took place.

After the conclusion of the evidence, the Coroner observed, that in his opinion this melancholy event was purely accidental. The Jury would then consult, and pronounce their opinion on the case as it then stood, unless they should think that any further evidence was necessary. In that case, he should certainly comply with their wishes. There was one good result from this public and minute inquiry, which was, that it would be seen that there was not the slightest blame attributable to those who had the management of the theatre; and it would also be another benefit to be derived from this public explanation of all the circumstances connected with this unfortunate and most truly distressing accident, the relatives of the deceased would find some consolation in the midst of all their affliction for the loss of a relation or friend, when they found that it was proved on oath that these persons with whom they were nearly connected, though they had met with a premature or untimely fate, had been called into the presence of their Maker in the performance of a most benevolent act, and had left an honourable name behind them.

The Jury immediately agreed, *That the deceased had come by their deaths by the accidental falling in of the Apollo Room.*

THEATRICAL CONFLAGRATIONS.

DRURY-LANE was built 1662; destroyed by fire 1672; rebuilt 1674; pulled down 1791; rebuilt 1794.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE was built 1733; enlarged 1792; destroyed by fire 1808.

OPERA-HOUSE, Haymarket, opened 1704; burnt down 1789; the foundation of a new one laid 1790.

PANTHEON, Oxford-street, opened 1772; converted to an Opera-House 1784: burnt down 1792.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE, burnt down on the Duke of York's birth-night, 1794; rebuilt; and burnt down a second time, in 1803.

ROYAL CIRCUS, destroyed by fire on the Prince of Wales's birth-day, 1805.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A musical entertainment called the *Fortune Teller*, is immediately to be produced at Drury Lane. The music by Mr. Reeve. Bannister has the principal character.

A romantic melo-drame was in readiness at Covent Garden, and, but for the dreadful calamity of the fire, would by this time have been acted. It was the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, from the same original which furnished Mr. Skeffington's *Mysterious Bride*. The music is by M. Jouve. The scenes were painted, and the decorations nearly complete.

Barrymore returns this season to the London boards; but whether those of Drury Lane or the Opera House, we have not heard. He played Glenalvon at the opening of the latter theatre.

It was in contemplation of the Covent Garden managers to raise the prices of admission to the King's Theatre, the boxes to 7*s*. and the pit to 4*s*. but the intention has wisely been dropped. The admission money is quite high enough; and the enlarging it might have produced a riot, and not improbably the destruction of *another* theatre. The attempt would, no doubt, have been seriously resisted by the public.

Talbot (of Dublin) has purchased from Mr. Bellamy the Belfast, Newry, and Londonderry theatres.

Holman continues to manage in Dublin. H. Johnston, we believe, resigns his post, and meditates a visit to his native city, the metropolis of Scotland.

The managers of Covent Garden were in treaty with Miss Marriott, who performed Elvira at the Hay-Market for Mr. Young's benefit; but the lady declined the proposal, preferring "to *reign* at Bath, than SERVE in Covent Garden." She is much improved as an actress, since her retirement from the latter theatre.

Mrs. Mudie, from the Windsor company, is said to be engaged at Drury Lane.

Captain Caulfield, who played *Hamlet*, *Ranger*, &c. at Covent Garden, a few winters ago, and afterwards acted the vile part of a seducer, and was thrown into the Bench for the *crim. con.* damages, died a few days ago within the rules, of a decline. It was at first stated that he had been shot in a duel with a Mr. P——.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal DUBLIN.—The frequenters of the Irish Theatre have never been gratified with a more pleasing union of histrionic talent than during the present season. In comedy and opera particularly the company has been exceedingly attractive; the dry humour of Dowton, and the eccentric whimsicalities of Jack Johnstone, have afforded considerable amusement. At the head of the operatical department must be placed Mrs. Dickons, who has exerted herself so unceasingly, and displayed such melodious power of voice and cultivated science, as have rendered her more popular with the Hibernians than perhaps any preceding English singer;

and this sentiment was fully exemplified at her benefit; which, though it came between the nights of Incledon and Johnstone, was extremely crowded and brilliant. In *The Soldier tir'd* Mrs. Dickons received the flattering applause of the celebrated musical composer, Sir John Stevenson, who warmly complimented her on the neatness and facility of her execution. Incledon's manly voice and unaffected style have acquired him an increase both of reputation and profit; and the chaste manner and impressive tones of Bellamy have excited univeral approbation.

Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.—The following Address was spoken by Mr. Jones at his Benefit :—

One moment more I trespass, to impart
The warm effusions of a feeling heart,
Impressed with gratitude for favours shewn
To *me*, when first a stripling and alone,
I ventur'd here—unknowing and unknown;
I came a stranger, and unfriended too,
But soon found friends and countenance in you.
One night, the laughing Hero of a play,
I trod these boards—scarce knowing what to say,
My head confus'd—my heart with cares oppress'd,
A trembling *Gossamer* * I stood confess'd;
But your applause soon banish'd all my fears,
All were forgotten 'midst your friendly cheers.
Fired with the spirit of th' enliv'ning sound,
I hoax'd and laugh'd, with glee, to all around,
And if my feeble efforts met applause,
Yours be the praise—your kindness was the cause.
Your plaudits first inspir'd my youthful mind
With love of fame; eager that fame to find
I tried my fortune in our sister isle,
Hibernia's sons received me with a smile.
For eight successive years they crown'd with favours,
Nurtur'd with kindness all my young endeavours,
Confirm'd me in those hopes *you* cherish'd first,
The bantling which *you* rais'd, *they* kindly nurst.
Once more return'd to my lov'd native shore,
I hasten *here*, in grateful thanks to pour
The off'rings of an overflowing breast,
Encouraged by *your smiles*, and by your presence blest.

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unpleasing voice, which he evidently increases by speaking in too loud a key, a fault most of our London actors and actresses commit; the voice should certainly rise or fall in strength according to the size of the theatre, and the distance of the auditors. Mr. Howard is respectable in the Lover line, but we would recommend to him a greater attention to his pronunciation. A Mrs. Beverley has appeared in Lady Randolph, Juliana, Mrs. Glenroy, &c. her person is good, and she appears very correct in her parts; but her face is by no means expressive; this lady we understand is almost a novice to the stage, it would be therefore unfair to make any particular comments; we would advise her by no means to step out of the line she has chosen, and on no account attempt a vocal part; she wants that ease and action which a longer acquaintance with the stage alone can give. The modest unassuming merits of the gentle Mrs. Cummins deserve the applause she always meets; ever correct and elegant in her deportment, we were particularly pleased with her *Selina*, in the *Tale of Mystery*. The advice of Shakspeare for the "Clowns to say no more than is set down for them," seems to be entirely forgotten by the performers in the comic line on the Weymouth stage; our ears are constantly wounded by attempts at witticisms which could only be tolerated by a puppet-show audience; those *ad libitums* of the actors, if I may so term it, are now crept into most of our theatres, to the disgrace of many of our first-rate comedians; of the operatic corps we cannot say much. Mrs. Hughes is a very pleasing actress, and her voice agreeable, but by no means powerful. A Mrs. Dickenson also sings in the Incledon stile. Mr. Bennet is a good actor, though by no means adequate to many characters he attempts, his person being unfit for Frederick, in *Of Age To-Morrow*, &c. Mrs. Quantrell, Miss Quantrell, Mr. Curzon, Mr. and Mrs. Wylde, Mr. Hughes, &c. fill up the *Dramatis Personæ* in a very respectable manner, and reflect high credit on the manager and themselves.

Theatre, WORTHING.—This theatre has been very prosperous during the summer. Mrs. Litchfield, Blanchard, and Incledon, have been successively engaged for a few nights. The manager also brought out the *Forty Thieves* in a very splendid manner, which proved extremely attractive. The Marquis Wellesley was here when the news of his brother's victory arrived. He immediately set off for London. *Rule Britannia*, and *God Save the King*, were called for by the audience, and in the latter a new verse was introduced, in allusion to the event.

When France, with haughty brow,
Bids ev'ry nation bow,
And *her* fame sing;
England then shews her right,
And, in the glorious fight,
WELLESLEY proclaims her might,
God save the King.

The Marchioness Wellesley was present, and could not but feel gratified at the enthusiasm of the audience on this occasion. The next night, Mrs. Litchfield's Benefit, that lady delivered the following Address at the close of the play to a house crowded with nobility and people of high fashion.

Another triumph swells our country's fame,
And adds to former heroes WELLESLEY's name!

WELLESLEY! who late on *India's* sun-burnt shore
Made the fierce rebel kneel to British pow'r;
Who since in *Zealand* forc'd th' insidious Dane
To wear, reluctantly, a victor's chain!
And now, his country's martial pride to raise,
And crown his valiant deeds with *deathless* praise,
On the choice troops of *France*, our deadliest foe,
Hath dealt the great, exterminating blow!
"Behold the sea," the Gallic leader cried,
"Look where the hostile forces line the coast—
"Advance, and soon the overwhelming tide
"Will swallow up these English" *—empty boast!
Let Frenchmen know that Britons never *fly*,
Fearless they rush to conquer, or to die.
See! they prepare—now raise their banners high,
And WELLESLEY leads them on—to victory.
Tremble, thou tyrant! on thy guilt-stain'd throne!
Now gnash thy teeth, and vent the heart-sick groan—
Thy genius flies—the reign of blood is o'er,
And Europe lifts her head, and smiles once more.
The cheering sounds of Liberty again
Go forth, and millions catch the hallow'd strain.
The patriot bands of Spain have broke the spell,
And driven oppression to her native hell;
Lisbon no longer groans beneath the yoke,
And *Italy* but *stays* the retributive stroke.
Soon too may *Austria* pour *her* myriads forth,
And join the mighty Monarch of the *North*.
Oh! glorious view!—to Britons doubly dear,
Who taste and feel the joys of freedom—here—
Here in this happy isle her flag's unfurl'd,
The envy, pride, and wonder of the world.

The news of Sir Hew Dalrymple's *convention* had not then arrived, so that the recital of this appropriate address was attended with prodigious applause.

MADAME CATALANI.

A Dublin paper, of the 21st instant, says:—"We have heard, and we fear there is too much certainty in the report, that the musical world will shortly suffer a deprivation of the severest kind in the cessation of Madame Catalani from public life. Her delicate state of health is stated to be the cause, and the necessity for this sacrifice to her fame, her wealth, and to the gratification of an admiring world, is stated to be earnestly urged by the first medical authority in this city. It is hoped, for the sake of so valuable a character, that her retirement may be but temporary, and that, with established health and renewed powers (if such powers are capable of improvement), she may again gratify the world with her divine acquirements. It is grateful for us to remark, that it is stated the gentleman most tenderly interested in her happiness and welfare is the most anxious for her temporary retirement, nor can all the allurements of the immense wealth her unparalleled talents produce, influence him for a moment to trifle with that invaluable health on which all his happiness depends."

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* Junot's address to his troops.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. Biographical Peerage of the Empire of Great Britain. Original Anecdotes of Cromwell, by Mr. Stace.

DRAMA. Music Mad; by Mr. Hook. Juvenile Dramas; by the Author of Summer Rambles.

TRAVELS. Tour in Scotland; by Sir John Carr. Travels in the North of Europe; by Louis de Boisgelin, Knight of Malta.

HISTORY. The Chronicles of Holinshed (*reprinted*) with an Index. Annals of George III. by W. Green, A. M.

NATURAL HISTORY. Lectures on Natural History, as delivered at the Leverian Museum, and at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, by George Shaw, M. D. F. R. S. A Translation of Pliny's Natural History, with Notes and Illustrations, a Life of the Author, and a preliminary Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of Natural History, &c. by Dr. Forbes, of Edinburgh.

NOVELS. Belisaire, by Mad. de Genlis. Theodore, or the Peruvians: from the French of Le Brun, after the manner of Paul and Virginia.

POETRY. Cumberland Ballads, by Mr. Anderson. Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse, and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost, by the late William Cowper, Esq. Translation, in English Verse, of the Remains of Hesiod; with a Dissertation on the Poetry and Mythology, the Life and Era of Hesiod; by Mr. C. A. Elton. Petrarch translated, in a Selection of his Sonnets and Odes, accompanied with Notes, and the original Italian, by the Translator of Catullus.

THEOLOGY. Attempt to prove the Truth of Christianity, in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Oxford, in 1808, at the Bampton Lecture. By John Penrose, A. M.

MISCELLANEOUS. Letter from Sir R. Phillips to the Livery of London, on the Constitutional Duties of a Sheriff, and on the Circumstances which have attended his Execution of them. Picture of Madrid, taken on the Spot; translated from the German of C. A. Fischer. Memoirs of Mrs. Cuyler; by Mrs. Grant, Author of Letters from the Mountains. History of the Life of Christ, as related by the Four Evangelists; interweaving their several Accounts into one continued Narrative.

Emma Smith del. *Woodman Junr. sculp.*

Published by Matthews and Leigh, Nov.r 1. 1808.